JOHN BULL, JUNE 27, 1931
TWOPENCE.

JOHN BULL

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Vol. XLIX.
No. 1306.

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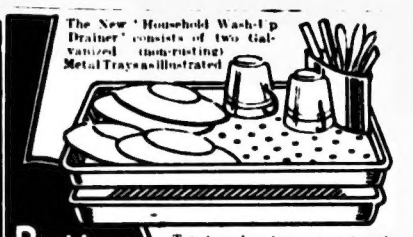

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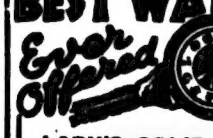

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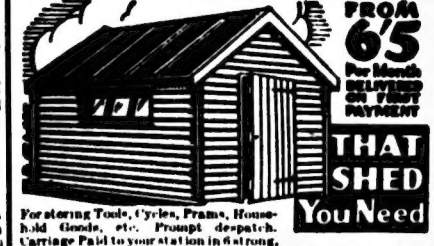

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"If you see it in 'John Bull,' it is so"

THE Drink Commission report is nearly ready. It has cost over £10,000 to prepare, and the recommendations are so conflicting that very little action will be possible.

There are some points of agreement—among them the removal of anomalies in connection with licensing hours, and a definite rejection of prohibition can be expected.

The commission agrees also that there should be closer inspection of licensed clubs. Of course there should. We have demanded it over and over again.

* * *

But a sharp distinction must be drawn between the genuine and decent club and the pernicious drinking-dens—clubs only in name—which we have denounced and which are run by criminals and their nominees.

Fads—and fears

Some of the commissioners want local option and others want the Carlisle system of public ownership to be extended.

Cabinet Ministers believe that any attempt at drastic reform would split the Labour Party, so the indecisive report will not be unwelcome.

Injustices of the Peace

Lord Sankey, the Lord Chancellor, is getting into trouble with the Labour parties in many districts for not making enough Labour J.P.s.

They were looking forward to much stronger representation on the magisterial bench now that a Labour Government is in office.

Although we agree that Labour should be adequately represented on the Bench, we look forward to the day when no more lay magistrates will be appointed, of whatever class or party.

* * *

Lord Sankey might well consider the advantages of appointing paid and competent magistrates and doing away with amateur justices altogether.

We look to America

Bankers and economists all over the world are more and more realising that they are up against a blank wall in trying to solve the world depression.

That wall is the mentality of the American Middle West. Without a revision of war-debts, a lowering of the American tariff wall, and a disposal of the huge stocks of gold held by America, the intricate machinery of international trade cannot get into full swing.

American bankers and economists know that as well as anyone.

But they cannot do anything without co-operation from the American Government, which is ruled by fear of what the Middle West might do at the next Presidential elections.

Cuts both ways

Miss Bondfield, Minister of Labour, has had complaints about some of the wages paid in the cutlery trade. She is taking steps to set up a trade board in the industry.

This would specify maximum working hours and minimum wages enforceable at law.

It has been pointed out to her that the industry is enjoying the benefits of a safeguarding duty imposed by the State, and that it is not therefore out of place for the State to safeguard the wages of the workers.

Drink Commission Fiasco

Dollar's Storm-Centre

The Oyster Speaks

Dropping the pilot

Lord Hailsham is now the duly appointed Leader of the Opposition in the House of Lords.

Use more discretion

Unless he learns to use his authority with more discretion than he has shown lately, his appointment may prove very unfortunate.

There is genuine regret on all sides that ill health has caused the retirement of the Marquess of Salisbury. He is no spectacular statesman, but a wise and moderate leader who will be sadly missed from politics.

Merry widows

Three thousand widows drew pensions last week for the first time under the amending Act which received Royal Assent a few days previously.

Another fourteen hundred widows' claims will be admitted shortly.

Widows whose husbands died before January 4, 1926, and who were normally engaged in an insurable occupation, but were incapable of work within a period of three years immediately before death, or before reaching the age of seventy, become eligible for pension.

Those in doubt should seek the advice of our Pensions Expert without delay.

Gentle hint

Some councils have managed to build good houses at a low cost and let them at cheap rents.

Others are still spending more than is necessary, and the tenant has to pay.

Mr. Greenwood, the Minister of Health, has instructed his experts to draw up a manual giving plans and all particulars of the houses which many councils have managed to build at less than £300 each.

These manuals will be distributed to local authorities.

The bread brokers

The housewife and the farmer are praying for a bountiful wheat harvest, but the international corn-broker is anxiously watching for adverse weather conditions which may ruin the crops in France, Canada or Russia.

A crop failure in any of these three grain-producing countries will enable the broker to clear enormous quantities of last year's supplies.

Frantic efforts are being made to keep up the price, but good harvests are likely to bring grain down to record low levels.

He likes us

During his stay in England, the exiled King Alfonso has made arrangements for his younger son, Gonzalo, to be received at Downside College.

Following the admittance of his other son to Dartmouth Royal Naval College, this is a tactful compliment to English education.

Despite many statements to the contrary, it is still highly probable that ex-King Alfonso will eventually settle in this country.

Watch the Princes

The Maharajah of Patiala is inviting the Indian princes to back out of the scheme of federation which he and others advocated with so much enthusiasm at the Round-Table Conference in London last year. This is a serious development.

His "back out" plea

The whole fabric of the work done at the Round-Table Conference was reared on the basis of a Federation between the Indian States and British India.

If the princes repudiate federation that work will be undone.

It will be unfortunate if those who predicted that the Indian princes were not to be trusted in this matter prove to be right.

Dear doughboys

The United States official armament figures submitted to the League of Nations show that America is spending far more on armaments than any other country in the world.

The grand total is just over £168,000,000 a year. Great Britain manages to keep its tail up and police half the world on a paltry hundred million a year. Those "doughboys" are certainly well named.

Opening up

Mr. Montagu Norman, who tries to throw such a veil of secrecy round his job as Governor of the Bank of England, is beginning to unbend slightly.

This high priest of finance, who crosses the Atlantic under assumed names on his trips to New York, has actually been persuaded to address meetings of Labour Members at the House of Commons.

It was a condition of his visits that no reports of the addresses were to be issued—but even this is a distinct advance for Mr. Norman.

We hope that the oyster will be encouraged to come a little farther out of its shell.

They don't want it

With the help of Lord Jellicoe—a naval officer—the Government has succeeded in pushing through Committee a measure which is opposed by the entire Merchant Service.

It is the clause in the Merchant Shipping Bill altering the form of the helm orders which have stood good in British ships for centuries.

* * *

A petition signed by 8,590 ships officers and pilots protested against the proposed change, pointing out its dangers to life and to the safety of ships at sea. It has been ignored.

We have come to a pretty pass when the considered opinions of men who have to do the job are rejected in favour of the opinions of landsmen politicians and retired naval officers—however brilliant and distinguished they may be in their own particular line.

Badly landed

In making a firm stand for the taxation of land-values, Mr. Snowden is perhaps bearing in mind such figures as the following:

Manchester Corporation, when it made an arterial road had to pay £500 an acre for land previously valued at £50. When the road was finished, adjoining land jumped to £1,000 an acre.

Newcastle had to pay £500 an acre for land for a recreation-ground. Previously that land was paying rates on the basis that it was worth less than 24s. an acre per year.

During recent years Sheffield has paid £245,540 for 1,010 acres. This was eighty nine times more than the value on which the land was paying rates.

Another hit!

We score another hit this week in the conviction of Mrs. Clapson, alias Beaumont, who has just been sentenced at Brighton to twelve months' imprisonment for obtaining money by false pretences.

As "The Widow of Worthing" we denounced this woman as far back as December, 1929, when we revealed her methods of living grandly at the expense of others. Her conviction, tardy though it is, will be noted with satisfaction by our readers, as well as by the many people she has duped.

"If You See It—"—continued

Clean-up wanted

Housing conditions in the coalfields have always been bad, and it is only in recent years that some effort has been made to improve matters.

Aberdare, one of the most important centres, has 2,750 houses that are over a century old There are 3,500 others built eighty years ago.

Of 945 houses examined for defects, 348 were found to be unfit for human habitation.

And yet only two new houses were built in Aberdare last year.

Drink cards

Mr. Herbert Morrison, Minister of Transport, will not adopt the suggestion put to him by a deputation of M.P.s and doctors and issue a little card pointing out the dangers of drink to all holders of motor-driving licences.

That does not mean that motorists who drink and impair their driving ability will get any sympathy.

The recent Transport Act threatens them with more serious penalties than they have ever had to fear before.

Keep them bright

The Ministry of Labour is doing useful work in providing instructional centres and classes for juveniles who are unemployed.

There are now 158 of these instructional centres and classes, and they are attended by about 22,000 young people.

In addition, nearly 7,000 unemployed juveniles are attending evening classes in two hundred towns and villages in various parts of the country.

We wish that still more could be done in this direction. Juvenile unemployment is one of the most serious aspects of the industrial depression.

Disregarded service

The economy wave now sweeping the Post Office Engineering Department has resulted in numbers of long-service employees being ruthlessly cast aside.

In the Cardiff area, a man with eighteen years of good work to his credit has been discharged, while others with ten to fifteen years behind them are also on the scrap-heap.

Why cannot these men be re-enlisted in other departments as vacancies occur?

Wide-awake

Cleveleys (Lancs) magistrates have described Mr. Norman Wake, of St. Andrew's Avenue, Cleveleys, as one of the bravest men in England. We do not quarrel with that statement.

While a large crowd of holiday-makers stood by and did nothing, Mr. Wake dashed into a heavy sea and rescued a girl after a long struggle against treacherous currents.

Then he slipped away for a change of clothes and came back to resume his work on a boat.

Last summer, this same man figured prominently in seven or eight rescues.

Well done, Norman Wake!

Fairyland for them

The new Abergele children's sanatorium just opened is the splendid work of the Manchester City Architect.

There are 500 acres of lovely mountain-side country where the children can roam in woodlands and by streams, breathing the health-giving sea air.

With its own farm and reservoir, the sanatorium will be able to accommodate 500 children drawn from the Manchester slums.

The only sorrow is that they will have to return to those self-same slums when Abergele has done its good work.

Sailors' language

Important changes are taking place in the methods of signalling at sea, and a simplified code for international use will be issued within the next few months.

Adaptable for visual and radio signals, the new code will also be understandable by sailors of all countries, thus speeding-up the exchange of messages that are often vital.

It is probable that the Board of Trade will appoint a permanent committee to take charge of all matters relating to this new sailors' international language, which has been cleverly developed by British marine experts.

Tariffs—on paper

There is an organisation at work in London planning a wide range of tariffs to be imposed—in certain eventualities—on all manufactured goods coming into this country.

The man L. G. is watching

This is the Research Department of the Conservative Party, presided over by Mr. Neville Chamberlain.

The scheme can only function if the Conservatives obtain a clear majority over Labour and Liberals at a General Election.

Mr. Lloyd George knows this—and that is why he is straining every nerve to keep the Labour Government in office.

Re-searching the Sea

Great help should be given to British fishermen as the result of bold research work which is to be carried out in the North Sea.

Professor A. C. Hardy, of University College, Hull, is organising the investigations, and grants have been made by the Treasury, the Fishery Board of Scotland, and other bodies.

The scheme includes observations from a number of fishing-vessels, and students will be specially trained to study fish habits.

Cruel economy

The Cornwall Public Assistance Committee's claim of saving £4,000 on last year's Board of Guardians expenditure appears to be an amazing feat.

But in all drastic economies some one has to suffer, and in this case the unfortunate men patients in the sick ward of the Torpoint Institution are huddled together in a small room where the ceiling has fallen. Meanwhile no attempt is made to repair it.

At the Bodmin Girls' Home, too, the walls are falling away through dampness.

Money saved by permitting the defenceless poor to suffer unnecessary discomfort is no credit to any public body.

Late in the day

In his report to the Ministry of Transport on the level-crossing accident at Coychurch, between Pencoed and Bridgend stations, Lieut.-Colonel E. Woodhouse suggests that the modernisation of equipment at crossings appears to be desirable.

It is a terrible thing to know that, where the safety of the travelling public is concerned, out-of-date methods are employed.

Why not use some modernised brains? That would mean that all level-crossings would ultimately be abolished.

Forced to the "dole"

A disused bandstand on the Hove promenade prompted some unemployed Brighton musicians to form themselves into a uniformed band and ask permission of the Works Committee to perform there during the season.

Permission was refused because the chairman of the Works Committee objected to a collection-box being sent round during the performance.

Yet a concert party on the Madeira Lawns close by is allowed to collect.

Very mixed justice!

A bad balance

Hugh Campbell, a bank clerk, stole £1,000 from the Barrhead branch of the Union Bank of Scotland. He lost the money on horses and dogs, and his penalty is four months' imprisonment.

Henry Cotton, of Birkenhead, who was said to be nearly out of his mind worrying about his mother, was given three months' at Oxford for stealing an overcoat belonging to the Sheriff of Oxford.

Four months' for £1,000 does not balance with one month less for an overcoat.

Passers-by

Following a collision between two motor-cycles, three men lay unconcious at the side of the road at Withnell, Lancs.

They were there for half-an-hour until the ambulance arrived, and one died on the way to hospital.

During that agonising wait, at least twenty motorists stopped and then drove on again, despite appeals from pedestrians to take the men to hospital.

We can understand one callous driver declining, but this appalling number of thoughtless brutes who refused simple aid to a dying man is something that motorists as a class will strongly condemn.

The wrong letter

Miss Ishbel MacDonald, the Premier's daughter and the hostess of No. 10, Downing Street, is the victim of a queer case of mistaken identity.

"h," not "a"

It all arises over the difference between the letters "a" and "h."

Some little while ago, Miss Isabel MacDonald, the secretary of the Royal British Nurses' Association, signed a letter to M.P.s appealing to them not to vote for Mr. Fenner Brockway's Bill to improve the hours, salaries and conditions of Britain's overworked and underpaid nurses.

This letter was widely ascribed to Miss Ishbel MacDonald, who has not, however, made any statement on the Bill.

Those who know and appreciate Miss Ishbel MacDonald's work will realise that it would have been impossible for her to sign such a letter as that in question.

Music's Peter Pan

Meet Mr. J. Morgan, of Worthing, the man who is making his name in British musical circles.

Retiring after a hard business life, Mr. Morgan devoted himself to composing, and now, at the age of sixty, he is being acclaimed as a compeer of Arnold Bax, Constant Lambert, William Walton, John Foulds. E. J. Moeran and other leading lights.

Mr. Morgan's music frequently delights wireless listeners, and at sixty he is younger than a good many of the tired old men of twenty-five who decorate the ballrooms of Vanity Fair.

Why not prison?

When Edward Jones and Lucy Edna Rich were charged with cruelty to their three children at Newport, Mon., it was stated that they lived in a caravan.

A policeman opened the door and smoke poured out. The children were found huddled up on verminous blankets, and it took some time before one of the children recovered consciousness.

• • •

The Newport magistrates bound over the couple and ordered the children to be kept in the infirmary until they were better.

Prison should have been the fate of this inhuman man and woman.

Despicable trick

Several people would like to get their hands on a youth who has been working an old swindle with new success.

The other day this lad called on Mrs. Cadman, who lives at Rosebery Avenue, London, E.C., and whose son is a motor-driver. He is her sole support.

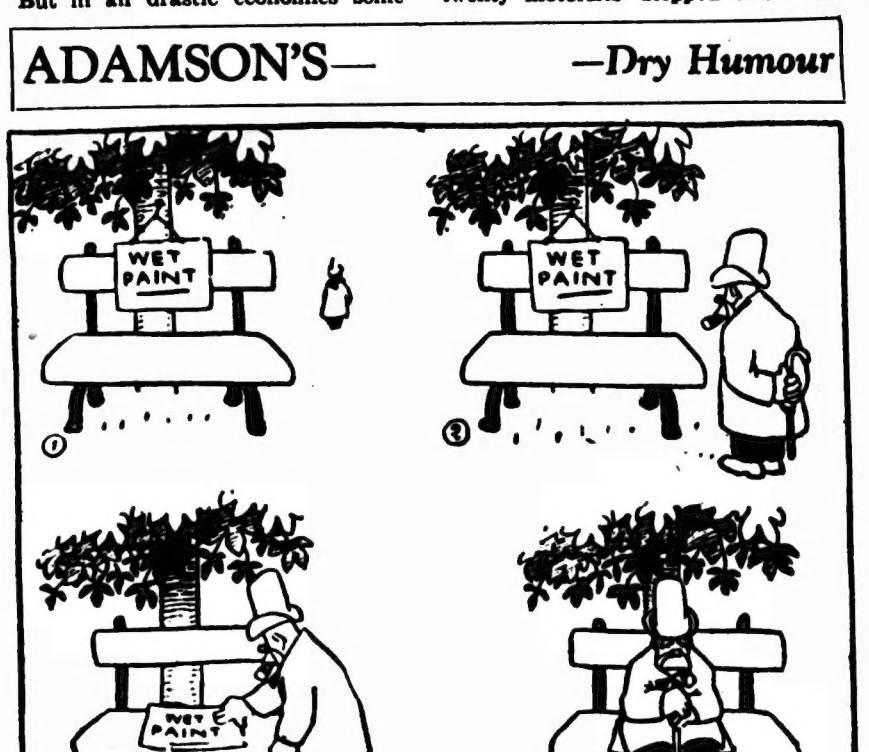
• • •

The boy said he had been instructed to call for some money as her son would be working late. Mrs. Cadman gave him 7s.

The story was a lie, and we find it has been told to other poor folk who can ill afford to lose a penny.

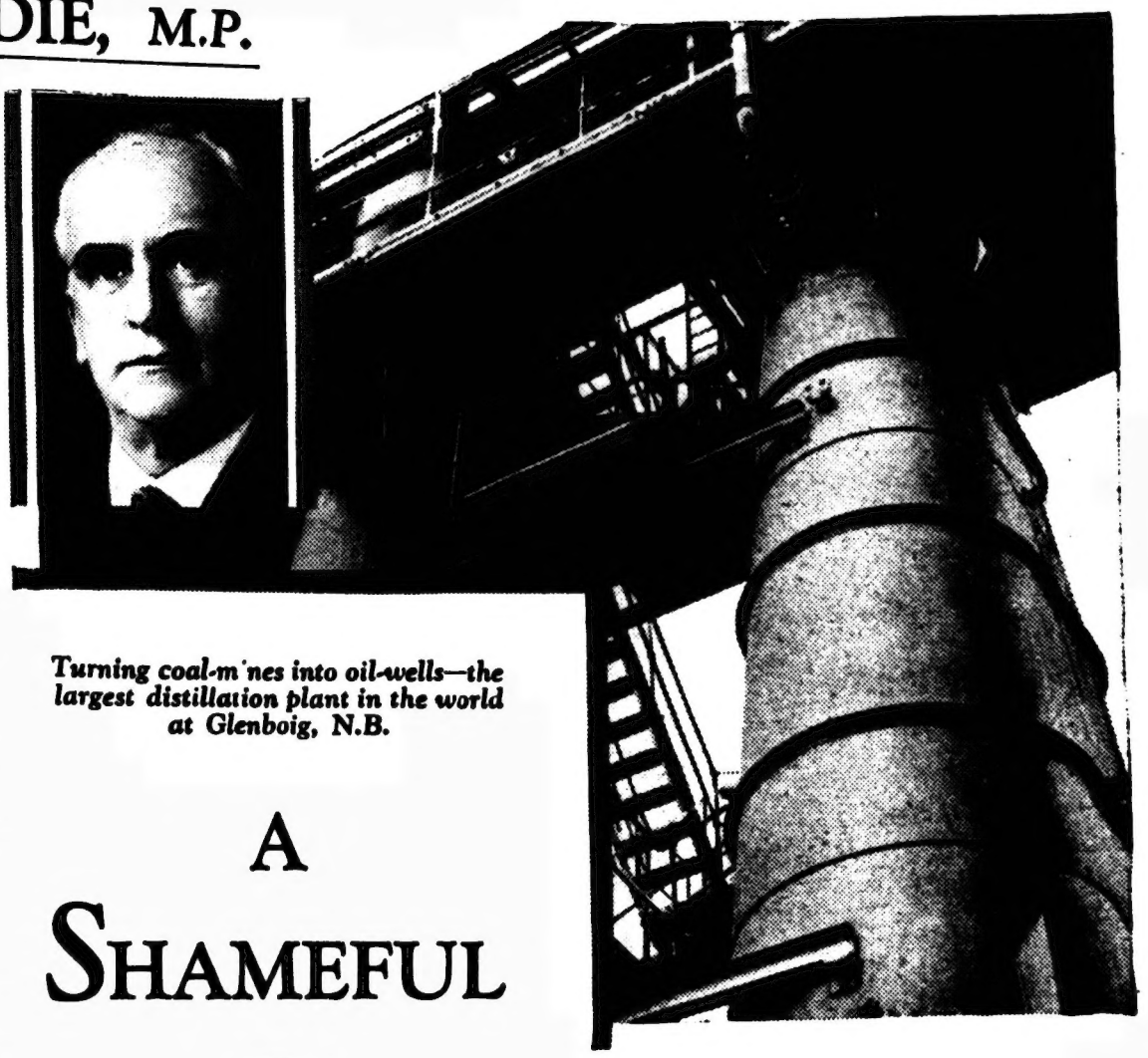
The youth knows the habits and work of the victims he selects, but so far has not given himself away.

ADAMSON'S— —Dry Humour



A SHAMEFUL Conspiracy

by G. D. HARDIE, M.P.



Turning coal-mines into oil-wells—the largest distillation plant in the world at Glenboig, N.B.

IN Great Britain there are 279,000 miners out of work. At the very least, £12,000,000 is paid yearly to them in unemployment insurance, and £23,000,000 has been paid to the industry in subsidy in a desperate effort to revive an industry already doomed by inertia and incompetence.

Yet there is to our hand a commercial process, perfected and complete, which can bring salvation to our ruined mining industry, cut general unemployment by a huge amount, and give British trade the greatest fillip it has had since before the war.

This process is a method, or, rather, two separate methods, for extracting crude oil and petrol from coal. Its proven practical application to British coal is a triumph of British brains and enterprise. Yet, with the most urgent reasons for bringing it immediately into use, it is wilfully obscured. Why?

There are two reasons. One is the cause which has placed the coal industry in its present state—the blank and stolid unreceptiveness of most of the colliery-owners to any new idea.

The other is the fight which has been put up against it by the huge vested interests of oil and gas.

Their interests are vitally threatened by this new process, and I know of no parallel, even in the murkiest industrial battles, to the intensity, the bitterness and the quality of tactics employed in this secret war.

NO weapon has been neglected, financial or Parliamentary, by the interests which are at bay before the pioneers of this new process. Not the least powerful weapon has been the extraordinary campaign of misrepresentation and suppression which has been carried on.

The general public knows little of the true inwardness of the situation. It has been told only of failure after failure, and the point has been stressed that the production of oil and spirit from coal is only a dream of the far future.

I say definitely that the public is being grossly deceived. The new processes are practical commercial propositions, easily and speedily put into working conditions, given good will and an open road.

The last report of the Fuel Research Board is a sufficient answer to those who discredit this epoch-making invention. The Director of the Board stated that with one process alone 120 to 130 gallons of motor spirit could be obtained from each ton of coal.

But more important than this astonishing yield is the fact that it is *produced at a cost comparable with the cost of imported petrol.*

From the other process, which is called low-temperature carbonisation, yields of crude oils up to twenty-four gallons are obtained from every ton of coal, in addition to the many other by-products. The oils can be made every bit as good as those imported from abroad to drive the engines of our liners and battleships. They can be sold at the same price.

In the face of these figures, it is not difficult to understand why the great oil combines see in this coal treatment a threat to their markets.

EVERY year we spend £40,000,000 abroad for fuel oil and petrol. Every penny of this sum could be spent in this country if there were an unrestricted development of coal treatment.

If an earthquake were to put out of action the great oil-wells, we know how to produce from our own coal all the petrol and oil that we need. Every coalfield is a potential oil-well.

Further, and even more to the point, is the fact that the greater bulk of British coal is ideally suitable for this treatment, giving a *higher yield at less cost than the bulk of foreign coals.*

Yet many foreign countries—Germany, for instance, with all its disadvantages in its sources of supply—have gone on ahead whilst we have lagged hopelessly behind.

Besides the fuel oil and petrol which is obtained by these processes there are numerous valuable by-products.

A single colliery could easily light its own district and supply all the heat by the gas obtained as a by-product in low-temperature plants. But, more important, this gas can be put into holders at a cost of 1*d. a unit* as compared with 4*d. a unit*, the cost of obtaining gas by ordinary methods.

This is sufficient reason to make some of the gas combines view this new process with disfavour. It is far easier to use discredit and blocking tactics than to write off heavy investments.

I have enlarged upon the proven capacity of this coal-treatment to create a new industry, I have mentioned some of the difficulties it is up against, and I have stated as a proposition the present tragic position of the coal-mining industry.

What can it do for that industry if the processes are practically applied?

For instance, one petrol-producing plant called the hydrogenation process could be built to handle 1,000 tons of coal a day, affording work for 350 miners hewing the coal, besides the men working on the plant.

It will produce 130,000 gallons of petrol a day, and use up all the small coal which is at present a drug on the market and a large factor in keeping coal costs high.

A small low-temperature plant can handle 500 tons a day, turning out smokeless fuel, crude oil, gas and many other basic by-products. Ten of them could be built for what we spend on a single airship, and they would employ 20,000 men a day.

To supply all the oil we need for ship propulsion and power machines would use up forty million tons of coal. At present the output from mines is 250 million tons. In the peak year of 1913 our output was 278 million tons.

THUS at one stroke the wholesale adoption of coal treatment would raise output figures above the highest level previously reached, absorb all unemployed miners, create a new oil industry employing scores of thousands of men, and keep forty to fifty millions of money in this country.

Finally, the disposal of a huge quantity of coal in this manner would tend to lower prices, and so put the coal export trade on its legs again.

If ever there was a case of opportunity not merely knocking at the door, but kicking in the door, this is the one. But still we sleep; the unemployment queues extend, and pit wheels rust.

Meanwhile, the big industrial groups quarrel among themselves manœuvring for a monopoly of working the process, or going right out to smother the scheme completely. One group has already tentatively sounded the Treasury for a subsidy.

The company promoters and the speculators have already been at their fell work. Like rats in a granary, what they have not eaten they have spoiled.

THERE is one remedy and one only to put these coal-treatment schemes into immediate operation. For a tithe of what has been spent in unemployment insurance already, for a fraction of what it will spend, the Government could finance the whole scheme and run it under its control.

It has adopted a similar method with the organisation of the electricity industry, except that in this case it has merely guaranteed a sum.

It is time to call a halt to the shilly-shally, the trickery and evasion which is holding up this great project. The Government should take it out of the hands of the industrialists and the speculators and get on with the job.

The facts I have presented as to the proven value of the process and its benefits to the mining industry and the general trade of the country are incontrovertible.

To-day the Navy steams, the Air Force flies, largely on foreign fuel. I am giving away no secrets when I say that during the war there was a time when the Navy, owing to oil-tankers being sunk, had less than six days' fuel in reserve.

We are twenty times more dependent now on foreign fuel than we were then. And apart from the Navy, one-third of the Mercantile Marine, the food-carriers, is now equipped with engines burning foreign oil.

Here we are, then, with a means of salvation ready to our grasp, a harbinger of forgotten prosperity, an added defender of our security. Are we to let it wilt and wither, or to be butchered to make a Throgmorton Street holiday?

"—And the Pen Ran Away with the General!"

GENERAL PERSHING, G.C.B.,
Washington, U.S.A.

DEAR GENERAL,—I have not forgotten and I do not underestimate the important part which you and your troops played in the critical latter period of the war.

Because of my admiration for you and for them, I am the more disappointed that in your newly published memoirs, "My Experiences in the World War," you have been less than just and far less than generous in your criticism of your Allies—the weary troops who had borne the burden and heat of battle long before you had any considerable army to command.

What purpose did you think you might serve when you wrote that your officers and men were "far superior to the tired Europeans," or when you accused the French and British troops of failing morale?

Do I need to remind you that you had only 25,000 men at the front ten months after you entered the war?

I know that you do not approve the jingo cry of "America won the war," and so I can only suppose that your pen has outrun your discretion.

You are not the first good soldier to make a sorry historian.

JOHN BULL.

The DUKE and DUCHESS of YORK,
145, Piccadilly, London, W.

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESSES,—I am particularly glad you have accepted an invitation to visit Paris in connection with the British Week of the French International Exhibition of colonial products and work.

Apart from the friendly feeling, you will be able to do something to counteract the blunder that has been made.

All the world is flocking to this exhibition, and we, the greatest Empire in the world, can do no better than devote four rooms to the diseases of that same Empire.

Economy was doubtless necessary, but, even so, this is a singularly poor contribution to a big show, and I hope your visit will do a lot to remove the unpleasant impression it must leave.

JOHN BULL.

The Rt. Hon. PHILIP SNOWDEN,
Chancellor of the Exchequer

DEAR MR. SNOWDEN,—I deeply regret that you have declined to end the injustice which permits a lodger's goods to be distrained upon in respect of his landlord's unpaid income-tax under Schedule A.

The existing law says that where a person does not pay the tax, distress may be levied upon any goods found on the premises, irrespective of their ownership.

Why should the innocent suffer? It is obvious that Parliament never intended anything like this.

The legal position might well have been remedied in the current Finance Bill.

JOHN BULL.

VISCOUNTESS ASTOR, M.P.,
4, St. James's Square, London, S.W.

DEAR LADY ASTOR,—You're a complex personage, but you are entertaining enough to be always interesting—witness your remarks at the opening of a kiddies' club in Canning Town, London.

You said that you often thanked heaven there was not another woman like yourself; and that we could get England right only by getting the right people pulling together; politics would not do it.

Surely, to "get England right" is the whole basis of our political scheme? And if, in your opinion, politics are so ineffectual, why are you in Parliament and part of the foolish body?

Oh, well, let's thank heaven with you.

JOHN BULL.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Mr. F. W. SOAL,
Deputy-Coroner, Carlisle

DEAR SIR,—In the course of your duties you frequently have to reprimand those who make no effort to avert a tragedy. Better than your comments are your deeds.

When a girl fell into the swollen river Eden, you dived in and tried to save her.

That you were unsuccessful makes your effort none the less admirable. A few years ago you received the Royal Humane Society's certificate for a similar act.

Carlisle must be very proud of its deputy-coroner. I know that I am.

JOHN BULL.

The Rt. Hon. A. V. ALEXANDER,
First Lord of the Admiralty

DEAR FIRST LORD,—I am pleased to know that you have lost no time in making pension payments to the dependents of those who lost their lives in the tragic *Poseidon* disaster. Doing that, you have done what you can.

But even so, the allowed scale of 10s. to 14s. a week is miserably inadequate. It bears no comparison with what would have been paid as compensation had the men lost their lives in a civil accident.

There is a good case for paying death compensation in service accidents at civil rates during a state of peace. Certainly work of special hazard should receive special compensation.

And if you led the way, the Army and the Air Force would follow.

JOHN BULL.

His Honour JUDGE SIR A. TOBIN,
Westminster County Court, London

YOUR HONOUR,—I heartily agree with your request that plain words should be used in legal documents.

The case in question concerned a firm of tailors described as "creators of clothes." Your question "What does that mean?" was given the obvious answer, "Tailors."

There is too much high-falutin' rubbish of this kind in business to-day. Undertakers are still undertakers, even if some prefer the word "mortician." Tailors are still tailors.

And I still believe in calling a spade a spade.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. S. R. RUSSELL, M.D., F.R.C.P.,
Society for Lunacy Law Reform

DEAR DOCTOR,—The annual report of your society makes interesting reading.

I am glad to note that its ten years' work has borne fruit, and that there is a more progressive spirit in the Board of Control.

I have consistently attacked this wooden body for its attitude in cases where investigation is obviously needed. Rest assured that I shall continue to hammer at the door with you until we obtain justice for the many poor people now wrongly detained in asylums.

JOHN BULL.

His Honour JUDGE ROWLANDS,
County Court, Mountain Ash, Glam.

YOUR HONOUR,—When a landlord sought to recover possession of a house occupied by a man who was in arrears with the rent, you took the opportunity of rebuking the defendant for coming out on strike.

It should have occurred to you that he was probably a trade unionist obeying orders, and that the union might have a good case. You might also have remembered that by rebuking him you encouraged strike-breaking and possible breaches of the peace.

Such comments are unwise. Stick to the law and leave industrial politics alone.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. GILLIE POTTER,
8, Tufnell House, Anson Rd., London, N.

DEAR GILLIE,—You are a clever comedian, and you have earned your popularity. Why descend to such banalities as the one you uttered the other day in a vaudeville broadcast?

You said that "a sub-editor is generally a greengrocer who had failed at his trade."

Actually, a sub-editor is a skilled man, who often gives you valuable publicity. Even if he were a greengrocer he would not throw his stock at you.

Be funny if you can, but do be fair.

JOHN BULL.

STRAIGHT from the Shoulder

THE BISHOP OF DURHAM: "London is the worst informed, most misleading and most misled place in the community."

But most of the leading men and women in London come from the provinces of England and from Wales, Scotland and Ireland.

* * *

Mr. J. E. BRAY: "Mental deficiency constitutes one of the biggest difficulties confronting health authorities."

This is a big national job, to be handled on national lines without tinkering. Our campaign against tyranny and infustice is spreading.

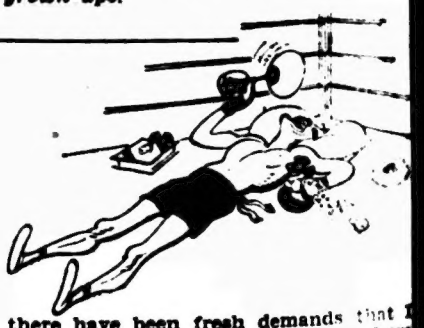
* * *

CANON PERCY DEARMER: "Municipalities should build kinemas for adults as well as for children."

No. It's the programme that matters. We want films clean enough for children and sensible enough for grown-ups.

Not from the B.B.C.—Phil Scott on the trials of—

Boxing's Sleeping Beauty



OF Corbett and Fitzsimmons,
Renowned in other days,
Bewhiskered patrons of the Ring
Continue even now to sing
In terms of fulsome praise;
While others of Carnera chatter,
As if fights won are what most matter!

But if *my* name is mentioned
They murmur, "Poor old Scott!"
And talk about my face of brass,
My feeble heart and jaw of glass,
And suchlike tommy rot;
Together with much feeble jesting
Of how I use the Ring for resting.

Yet one firm consolation
I have when thus attacked
By ev'ry drivelling dud and dunce;
So let me rise (if but for once!)
And mention this small fact:
Despite gibes spoken, sung or written—
I still am champion of Britain!

Having risen to draw attention to this fact, I trust that you will now allow me to continue my address from a recumbent position.

I may say that I welcome this chance to make a few remarks in my own defence, for no man has been more consistently ill-treated both in the ring and out of it.

Instead of helping me to entertain the public by giving them a full (as distinct from a full-length) performance for their money, my fellow-slaves of the Ring want to bring down the curtain before the farce has fairly begun.

This is what was done by Sharkey and Stribling and Larry Gains. Not one of them had the decency to postpone his brutality long enough to enable me to give at least an impersonation of a champion.

In some ways, I suppose, I should be grateful to them, for I admit that to maintain an upright position for any length of time tires me.

And, of course, as long as I hold the position of Official Receiver of knock-outs somebody or other has to supply the K.O. so as to make my contract with the promoters O.K.

What I really object to is the way brutal journalists jab me below the belt (I mean the belt in which I keep my winnings) after I have taken the count—and the cash.

Since my lying-in-state at Leicester, there have been fresh demands that I should retire. You may take it from me, however, that although the Old Guard may surrender it does not willingly retire.

While folk are abusing
Me roundly for losing,
I lie on my sofa and grin;
With this thought to sweeten
My pain: "When I'm beaten—
I win!"

The state of my coffers,
Despite ringside scoffers
And critics who sneer in the Press,
Provides proof abounding
That I'm an astounding
Success.

A thousand a minute
Per fight, lose or win it—
That's, roughly, the price that I reap—
Just merely for showing
Myself and then going
To sleep!

Ramsay, Baldwin and Ll. G. shout, but "no blood is spilt."

OUR All-Talkie PARLIAMENT

By A. G. GARDINER

PARLIAMENT is in danger of becoming not merely a paralytic, but an absurd paralytic. The serio-comic sham fight over the Land Tax Bill marks the lowest depth to which it has yet fallen. It looked like a real fight with real weapons about real principles; but it was nothing of the sort.

It was an affair of tactics, fought with wooden swords by combatants stuffed with straw.

No blood has been spilt and no bones have been broken. Mr. Lloyd George claims that he has wrung seven-eighths of what he asked for from the inflexible Mr. Snowden, and Mr. Snowden smiles bleakly and icily in scorn of such claims.

The amendment that was to break him or break the Government has been thrown into the wastepaper-basket, and other amendments the meaning of which is "wropt in mistry," so obscurely are they worded, have been substituted. They will doubtless go into the wastepaper-basket, too.

At the moment of writing it is understood that the Government itself will frame an amendment which will patch up the quarrel and enable it to flounder on into another bog.

Meanwhile the public looks on in mingled despair and indifference at all this mock fury and makebelieve, which has about as much relation to its real anxieties as the fight for the county cricket championship or the Wimbledon tennis meeting have.

Rome burns and the politicians manœuvre for position and talk about something else.

St. George Snowden

Everyone, both inside and outside the House, knows that the Land Tax Bill is mischievous fustian. It smothers the sound principle of the taxation of undeveloped land-values in a scheme of confiscation as belated as it is unjust.

It might have been drafted by a Rip Van Winkle who went to sleep thirty years ago and woke up in ignorance that in the interval the world had gone through a convulsion that has shattered the land monopoly as it has shattered everything else.

Mr. Snowden sees himself as a St. George, going out in helm and buckler against some dreadful monopolistic dragon.

What he is really doing is to penalise every owner of a bit of land, to hold up all developments of land which invite new punitive taxation, and to strike at the economic basis of every friendly society, insurance society, public utility society and other corporations which rest upon investments in land.

The scheme has been riddled from a score of angles until it is as full of holes as a sieve. Few believe it will ever get launched, and I have not met an instructed Member of Parliament who thinks it ought to get launched, or that it would do anything but harm if it did get launched.

I doubt whether there is a single member of the Cabinet, apart from Mr. Snowden, who believes in it, and I am quite sure that there is not a single member of the Liberal Party who would not willingly see it thrown on the dust-heap.

The rot goes on

Yet Parliament goes on, day by day and week by week, debating a measure which is universally discredited, and which, even if it were sound, is right off the target and can have no bearing for years upon the immediate calamities with which the country is faced.

Every month the trade returns disclose another ominous drop in our income. Day by day the newspapers record the desolating facts of once prosperous companies making losses and closing down.

The peak of the year is reached, and, instead of a diminution in the number of the unemployed, the figures are rising and the shadow of a still darker winter than any we have yet experienced looms ahead.

It may be, of course, that this Parliament, or any Parliament, is helpless before a disaster that seems almost cosmic in its character and magnitude. I do not think it is, or that it should be.

But, even if it is, that is no excuse for the lethargy and indifference that have overspread Parliament like a palsy. It is no excuse for the fatalism that has taken hold of public affairs.

There is no attempt to face the tide of evil that is flowing in, much less to sweep it back. No remedies are suggested; no action is taken; the terrific problems that beset us are not even discussed.

The deep dug-out

It would almost seem as though the one purpose of Parliament was to take refuge in some dug-out away from the storm. Let us talk about anything that doesn't matter. Perhaps if we pretend that we do not see it, the storm will miraculously blow over.

If ever there was a need of courageous speech and action, of a bold appeal to the nation on something higher than Party considerations, that need is now. If that appeal were made, I believe the nation would be moved and would respond.

But it is not made. It is not even hinted at. Apart from the admirable work which has been done by the Government in the field of foreign affairs, there is hardly a question the handling of which has not been dictated on the most craven Party calculations.

Is there anybody to-day who doesn't recognise that the Coal Mines Act of last year has been another nail in the coffin of an industry which for generations has been hammered as much by political as by economic causes?

The Government passed it, not because it thought it would benefit the trade, but because Party political interests had to be considered.

The Liberals knew it was a blunder, but they helped to carry it, against their convictions, because they did not want to substitute one bad Government for another.

It has worsened the trade, without settling any of its discontents. Another upheaval looms ahead, and political manœuvres will once more bedevil economic sanities.

Or take the Unemployment Insurance problem.

In a spasm of alarm Mr. Snowden said that the plunge to bankruptcy must be stopped and the insurance system must be restored to an actuarial basis.

Mr. MacDonald set up a commission of the ablest and most disinterested experts to tell him how it was to be done. The commission has reported with weighty and conclusive proposals.

With what result? There has been a frenzied outcry against the recommendations, as though the commission, instead of performing a public duty which the Prime Minister had instructed it to perform, had committed a sin against all the Ten Commandments.

And Mr. MacDonald has bowed to the storm, and has indicated that nothing particular will be done. And Miss Bondfield is asking for another loan to sink the insurance ship still further below the water-line.

All pettifoggers

In short, wherever we turn we are faced with the paralysis of Parliament. No question is considered on the ground of economic facts or national interests. Political calculations dominate every issue, and Party tactics govern every decision.

It is not one Party only that is to blame. All Parties are playing the same pettifogging game, and between them the country is drifting from one morass to another and a deeper one.

If no halt is called, the bankruptcy of Parliament as a system of government will be accomplished. And if we ask, What then? we have only to turn to Europe, from Moscow to Rome and from Berlin to Madrid, for hints of the answer.

Homely Wisdom—by CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

HOPELESS GRIEF

THE following is one of life's strange contrasts. I have just come away from the bedside of an old saint of eighty-six who is longing to have done with this life. He has neither disease nor pain, but feels weary and feeble.

Notwithstanding the fact that he is surrounded by love and devotion from sons, daughters, and grandchildren, his dearest wish is to pass on.

This is quite natural to the aged, and there is nothing deplorable in it. But when I enter my own door I meet with something very different. Here on my desk lies a letter from a broken-hearted mother who has lost two children and can find no comfort.

We seldom mourn the passing of the old as we do that of the young. We can lay our father in the grave without rebelling against the harshness of fate, but we cannot part with a little one without feeling that death is cruel.

This poor mother, who is a reader of JOHN BULL, asks me to say if I think it is true that our time in this world is appointed for us, long or short, and that nothing can avail to keep us here one moment longer than is foreordained.

I am not prepared to give a positive Yes or No to her question. Can anyone say that the murderous wickedness of the Great War was heaven's way of killing off millions of young men whose end was thus predestined? I for one cannot believe it.

And when preventable disease, attended with much suffering, seizes upon a community or an individual, we ought not to say that it is divinely sent.

Whether those who fall before it were meant to die or not, our plain duty is to destroy disease if we can and make life as healthy and happy as possible for ourselves and those who come after us.

To this sorrowing mother and everyone in similar trouble I would say three things:

First, whatever the cause of your dear one's death, you have nothing to reproach yourself with and ought not to spend time and vitality in wondering if you could have done anything more to keep him here.

All that love could do you did, and would have done more had more been required.

Secondly, it is well with the child. He needs no pity, though you do. It is not those who go but those who stay who need human sympathy and comfort.

Thirdly, it is wrong to give way to uncontrolled sorrow, wrong to fret oneself into utter despair; it is unfair to those about us, it unfits us for our place in the world and the service we are called to render. In the words of the sweet Quaker poet of America:

"Alas, for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees,
Who hopeless lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play;
Who hath not learned in hours of faith
The truth, to flesh and sense unknown,
That life is ever lord of death
And love can never lose its own."

CRUEL Flogging SCANDAL

HORROR ON A TRAINING-SHIP

"A fine lad, bright, strong, intelligent" then —but now, although he smiles, he is weakened, crippled, broken

FOR over three years Mr. F. Longden, Labour M.P. for Deritend, Birmingham, has been striving to move the Admiralty to investigate certain very grave allegations of brutality to a young Naval rating.

But he has been repeatedly put off with one excuse after another. He has even raised questions in Parliament without securing any satisfaction.

The lad on whose behalf Mr. Longden has been battling is Edward Bennett, of Charles Henry Street, Birmingham, and when we say that he is paralysed on the left side of the body and that the leg, arm and tongue are affected, readers will realise that his plight is serious indeed.

We have gone fully into his story, and can say unhesitatingly that it reveals one of the most monstrous examples of official callousness we have ever investigated.

Young Bennett asserts that his disability is due to brutal maltreatment he endured while at the Naval school in Harwich.

But the favourite excuse of the authorities seems to be that so much time has elapsed since Bennett's discharge in 1926 that it would be "difficult" to check his allegations.

Terror made him dumb

"Why," they ask, "did he not remonstrate at the time?"

Such a line of argument is, of course, utterly preposterous.

In the first place, Bennett was a lad of only sixteen when he joined the Navy in 1925, and he was too terrorised by the maltreatment of the petty officers to venture any remonstrance.

Then, upon his discharge a year later, the harm had been done. He immediately developed paralysis, but neither he nor his parents, who are simple, honest folk, had anyone to whom they could turn for advice.

The case came to Mr. Longden's notice, and, as we say, he has since striven incessantly to secure an official investigation.

Years have certainly elapsed, but the authorities cannot plead ignorance, since the case has been brought before them again and again during the past three years.

Let us place both sides of the question before our readers.

Young Bennett asserts that one of the petty officers at Shotley was always knocking him about, and that he and four other boys became so terrorised that they decided to run away.

Back-door way

They were soon overtaken, and "the next day," Bennett tells us, "we were each ordered twelve cuts with the cane, which is as thick as a walking-stick. I had the weals for over a month."

Shortly afterwards he was caught by a petty officer with cigarettes and received six cuts for smoking.

It was after this second flogging, Bennett alleges, that he began to feel cramp creeping up his leg and into his arm.

Then he was sent to hospital in Chatham to be kept under observation. Finally he was discharged for "mental inefficiency."

His discharge-papers are before us at the moment. In them his chief officer certifies his character as "Very good."

Let us leave the boy's side for the moment and hear the Admiralty's view as expressed by Mr. Ammon, its Parliamentary Secretary.

Mr. Ammon makes a point of the time that has elapsed since Bennett's discharge, but we have already shown the unfairness of this line of argument.

He also says that the Admiralty has never heard of any other case of ill-treatment, and that "the whole conditions in the Navy and in naval training are not such as would be conducive to a rapid deterioration of health."

Finally, Mr. Ammon suggests that Bennett "shammed very effectively" to bring about his discharge.

"If any proof can be brought forward that he suffered ill-treatment, that may alter the case," says the Admiralty's advocate, "but there is no evidence whatever."

From indisputable facts before us we take exception to every argument that the Admiralty has advanced.

Not recorded!

It is idle to pretend that this is an isolated case or that Bennett is a malingerer.

Such canings as Bennett has described are a commonplace, but Mr. Ammon, is on sure ground when he says there is no evidence only *in so far as no records of canings are ever kept!*

Astonishing though it may seem, Mr. Longden's questions in the House received no publicity in the London Press.

They were reported in Birmingham, however, and brought him much correspondence.

Mr. Longden passed on to us three typical letters he received, all tending to confirm Bennett's allegations.

In one of these letters an Erdington youth, who was recently invalided out of the Navy, told Mr. Longden how he himself received nine cuts with a cane three-quarters of an inch thick for being back late from his first Christmas leave.

He described vividly how boys are pinioned over a vaulting-horse to receive the caning, and declares:

"I shall be quite willing to give fresh evidence face to face with anyone."

The vaulting-horse ordeal was also described in a letter from a Bilston resident.

"Does Mr. Ammon know," he asked, "that the police corporal is paid 2d. for each stroke he administers, with an extra shilling if he breaks the cane?"

This writer added that he had seen boys faint after they had received the first stroke.

He had also seen boys who could not swim dragged out of the water, flogged, and thrown back again. "Their screams," he writes, "were terrible to hear."

The third letter passed on to us by Mr. Longden is from a Birmingham man who was at Shotley himself, and has bitter memories of the treatment he endured.

Speaking of Bennett's story, he says: "I know he is speaking the truth because I have had a flogging for running away, and I know others who have had it for smoking."

Now, all these people have written of their own accord, and have not been canvassed for their views.

We are not in a position to vouch for the accuracy of the individual statements.

But the cumulative effect of such letters, taken in conjunction with Bennett's story, cannot be ignored.

Why sign him on?

So much, then, for the Admiralty's suggestion that brutality does not exist and that young Bennett's case is an isolated one.

Only one more point need now claim our attention.

It has been contended that Bennett's disability is of a functional nature and that his health was never good.

But, if this were so, why was he ever accepted for the Navy, and why is no mention of functional disorders made upon his certificate of service?

As a fact, a very competent medical man has enquired into Bennett's family history and precedents, physiologically and mentally, and he has found no traceable hereditary weaknesses of a nervous order, nor any traceable functional weaknesses, either in the family or in the boy.

Neighbours, too, who have known the family for years, testify that Bennett was a fine lad, bright, strong, intelligent and of splendid physique.

"When he came home from the Navy," writes one, "it was a shock to me, for I met him, and not only had he lost his voice but he was a cripple —and is now."

Is it fear?

How, in the face of all this overwhelming evidence in young Bennett's favour, can the Admiralty maintain its refusal to offer redress?

Can it be that it is fearful of establishing a precedent lest other victims of similar brutality should come forward with equal claims?

Turning Sixpence into Smiles

If you fancy yourself as a solver of mystery stories, try "The Mystery of the Infernal Triangle" by Ashley Sterne; if you think that love can't be a subject for hilarity, try some of Will Scott's fooling; if you think you are joke-proof, try the jokes in the jolly JOHN BULL Summer Holiday Annual, vintage 1931, and then retail them to your friends.

Turn a sixpence into a wealth of smiles.

What would SHAKESPEARE Say?

For a few neatly chosen words which were put together by a reader in Shakespeare's hamlet, we have just paid the sum of £130.

This competitor, Mr. J. M. Atkinson, Wixford, Hathaway Hamlet, Shottery, Stratford-on-Avon, was thus paid over £32 a word for his *Bullet*—"Tax On The Land—That's Fair —'Fat's' There."

Such payment would have astonished Shakespeare—but what would he say to this week's Record Holiday Prize on page 35?

You don't need to be a Shakespeare to be the winner—just a few words selected as carefully as those of Mr. Atkinson, and Free Holidays for Life as well as a £3,000 fortune may be yours.

Weekly Informations from MAJ.-GEN. SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

AMAZING SCIENTIFIC CRIMINAL

A SWINDLER'S SECRET FORMULA

THIS week I want to unmask an amazing scientific criminal whose name has constantly been mentioned in connection with a £100,000 company known as Brownlac, Ltd.

Capital was easily raised for this concern when it was formed some time back on the ground that it had obtained a "secret process" for the manufacture of synthetic shellac.

The inventor of the "secret process" was Robert Brownlow, who was retained by the company as "technical adviser," and who, with another man, received £60,000 for his secret.

In addition, Brownlow was assured a minimum yearly salary of £2,000.

Carefully locked

Handsome profits were anticipated, and the 5s. shares soon soared to 15s. 6d.; but to-day the factory is closed down, Brownlow having failed to produce any shellac from his much-boomed patent.

The secret formula of this process was supposed to be of such tremendous value that it was kept carefully locked in a safe of which only one person had the key.

Yet independent tests now pronounce the "secret process" to be quite worthless, so a civil action has been taken against Brownlow and his associate for the return of £60,000, and against Brownlow alone for the return of £9,500, which he is alleged to have obtained by fraud.

I am afraid there is small prospect of even a penny being recovered from this man, for I can reveal him as an undischarged bankrupt, a sneak thief and a forger, who is in jail at the moment for an offence under the new Companies Act.

He was dealt with in these columns in March last year, when he was the principal of a concern known as Latent Laboratories.

Forgery coup

He then had impressive offices in Willing House, Gray's Inn Road, London, and was exploiting various "inventions," including a new safety-glass and a process for removing dye from any material.

He was seeking backers to put up £5,000 apiece, and JOHN BULL was able to warn readers to leave his offers alone.

Previously he had operated as Hendon Scientific Laboratories, in which many people invested without reaping any return. But Brownlow pocketed something like £20,000.

Small and large investors alike were his victims. Some were involved for £300 or so — others for sums of £5,000.

Brownlow, although over sixty, always keeps himself spruce and erect. He has an expensive taste in cigars and looks like a wealthy man of leisure, whereas he has lived by his wits for years.

Once he pretended that he was engaged by the British Government to perfect a secret invention that would bring in at least £25,000 a year; yet at that time tradespeople were searching for him with unpaid bills.

His forgery coup was committed at Bradford, where he produced and issued false share-certificates.

I have received a message of thanks from a firm of solicitors who recently consulted JOHN BULL, and were able, as a result, to save a client from investing heavily in one of Brownlow's schemes.

And only three weeks ago a man came to see me who had backed some of Brownlow's inventions to the extent of £11,000 and had lost the lot. Unfortunately, he came too late.

So it is with the present directors of the disastrous Brownlac, Ltd. Had enquiries been made regarding Brownlow beforehand, the company would not have been in its sorry predicament to-day.

But while there is small hope of recovering very much for shareholders, I certainly feel that Brownlow's sustained record of wrongdoing demands the attention of the Public Prosecutor.

Though Brownlow is at present serving a short term simply for a company offence, his graver crimes must not go unpunished.

PHANTOM SALE-PUSHER

I HAVE before me an interesting batch of correspondence from various traders in different parts of the country who regret their dealings with a Mr. Thomas Pugh, of Addison Road, King's Heath, Birmingham.

Pugh is an advertising agent, who has operated under such titles as "Shopland Publicity Company" and "Pugh Publicity Service."

He is also interested in the "Havalook Windo Novelty" and the "Flasagraf Display Cabinet."

There are numerous dissatisfied clients in the Birmingham district at the present moment, and the majority seem to be chemists.

Indeed, I find that complaints have been so urgent that the Retail Pharmacists Union has been compelled to issue more than one warning to its members.

The nature of each complaint is more or less the same.

* * *

Traders are induced to part with sums ranging from £10 to £20 on the understanding that Pugh will carry out a certain publicity scheme, which either fails to materialise or else proves decidedly disappointing.

He may have had certain successes, but the number of complaints suggests unbusinesslike methods.

Pugh has had many addresses, including Seven Sisters Road, London, N.; Quex View Road, Birchington, Kent; High Holborn, London; New North Street, London, W.C.; Chancery Lane, London; and Watson Lane, Cricklewood.

A typical complaint is that of a Seven Kings grocer, who paid Pugh £11 10s. to conduct a local campaign on his behalf.

A contract was signed, but ominous silence followed. Letters and telephone-calls failed to stir Pugh, and all attempts to recover the fee failed.

Others mourn

An Ilford chemist paid a similar sum in advance, believing Pugh to be a man of integrity, who could make people rush to his shop and buy.

Months elapsed without anything being done, so the chemist placed the case in the hands of his solicitors, and judgment was finally obtained before Judge Cluer in Shoreditch County Court for the payment of £18 7s.

This order has not been complied with. Among other disillusioned clients, I may mention a Woodford grocer who is nearly £17 out of pocket, while there are numerous unsatisfied judgments against Pugh.

Pugh is clearly a man to avoid.

PHILANTHROPY —PERHAPS!

THE latest philanthropic offer to come to my notice is made by Edward Coates, of 129, Cannon Street, London, E.C.

Coates is pleased to describe himself as an "international stockbroker," though, oddly enough, he begins his letters to prospective clients by declaring that his proposition has nothing whatever to do with the Stock Exchange.

"How £25 made £152 profit" is the startling bait held out to investors.

Edward Coates advocates "scientific manipulation of market movements in one of the principal commodities of the world."

His idea of "scientific manipulation" is to operate for a rise and fall at one and the same time, "so that whichever way the market moves, up or down, you make a profit."

Inexperienced investors are likely to be as ignorant as ever after ploughing through the detailed explanation of "how it is done."

But it all sounds highly impressive, which, of course, is what Coates wants it to do.

At the moment the commodity he recommends is copper, and he goes so far as to tell clients that by employing their capital in his system in copper they are "standing on velvet," and acting in the safest way to increase their income.

So eager is this international stockbroker to place his services before the public that he even sends out specially printed telegraph forms to save investors trouble in placing orders through him.

* * *

Some people may doubtless wonder why a broker of international repute should thus fall over himself in his eagerness to make fortunes for strangers, but the truth is not far to seek.

Edward Coates, I can reveal, is the alias of Edward William Donallon, who, as Graham, Marsh and Co., Ltd., swindled the public out of £50,000!

He has been in jail at least four times, once for a term of three years' penal servitude.

If my readers are favoured with his philanthropic offers they will know how to treat them.

* * *

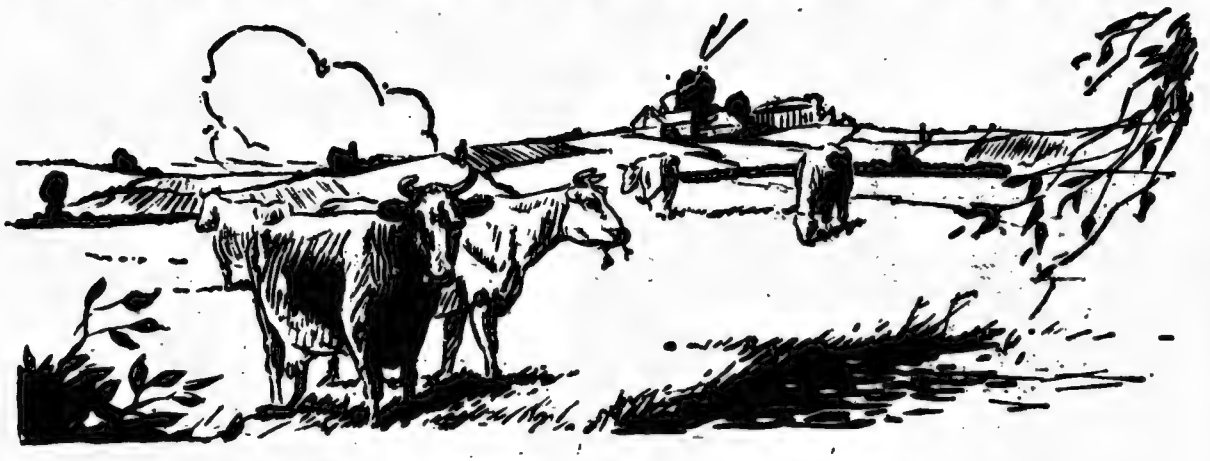
Queries reach me regularly regarding the England Richards Fluid Cell Battery home-work scheme, though I have already stated my views on this.

For the benefit of new enquirers, I repeat that I do not think that it would be possible to sell home-made batteries in competition with the mass-production which is going on at present.

In this week's gallery: Above is Pugh, and, below him, Coates, the philanthropic swindler

THERE'S NO MILK BETTER than the best British milk; and that's the milk that goes into Cadbury's Milk Chocolate. On over 900 British farms special herds of cows are kept exclusively for this purpose. Within a few hours of milking, the day's rich yield, with all its cream, is being mixed with the pure chocolate in generous measure—a glass and a half for every half pound block, half a cup for every twopenny bar.

OVER 900 BRITISH FARMS



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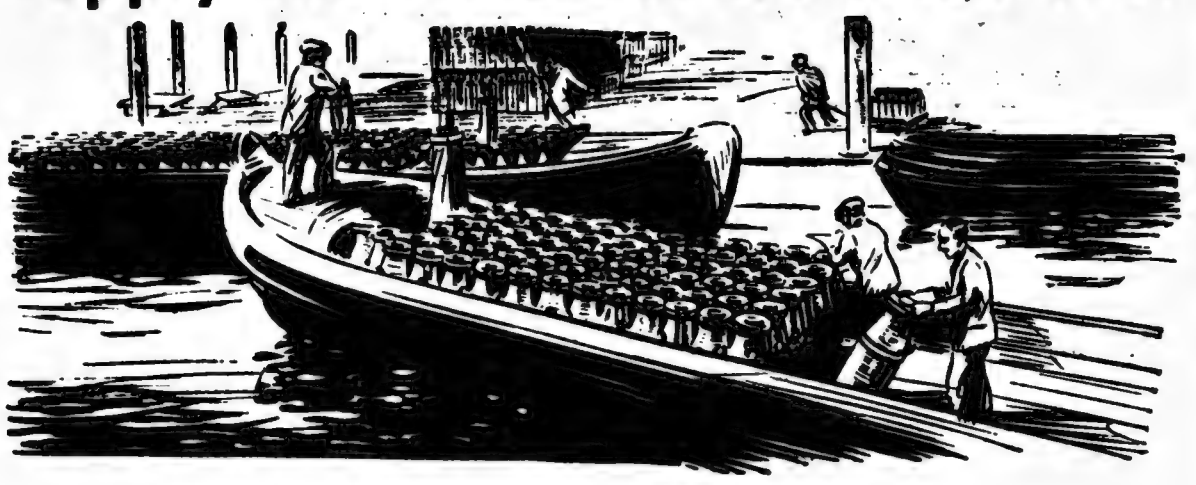
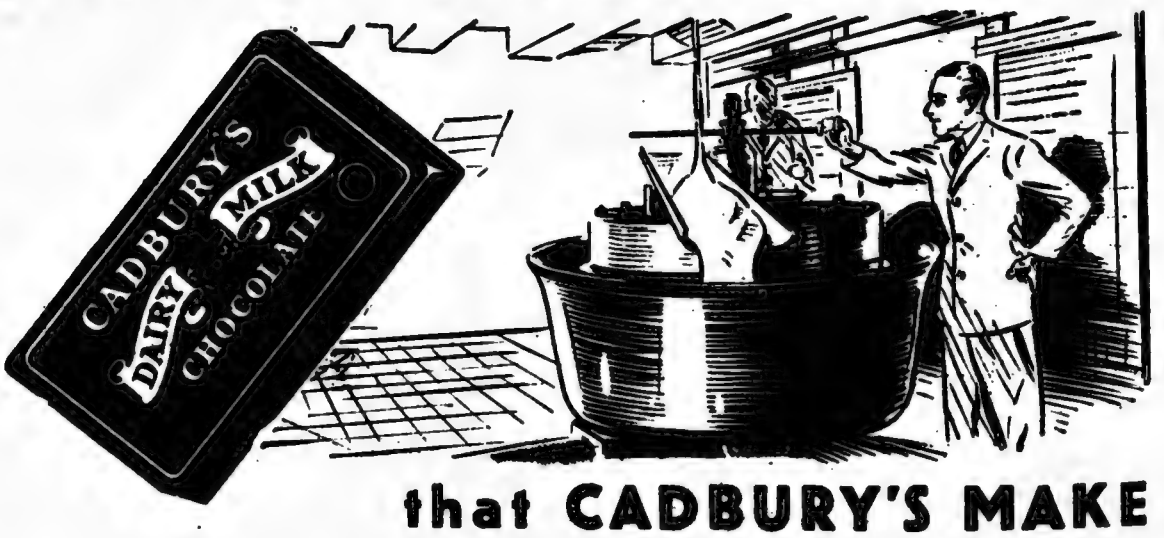


goes into the MILK CHOCOLATE



that CADBURY'S MAKE

—and that's why you'll say

'I WANT CADBURY'S'

DEATH FUND FRAUD

Chatting with a miner—"Mr. Shinwell, the Minister for Mines, should call the attention of the Public Prosecutor . . ."

MR. E. SHINWELL, M.P., Secretary for Mines, should call the attention of the Public Prosecutor to a scandal that has arisen in connection with the Natural Death Fund of Manvers Main Colliery, Wath-on-Dearne, near Rotherham, Yorkshire.

An investigation we have just made, following an appeal from a reader who aptly refers to himself as "one of the suffering many," shows that a very grave state of affairs exists.

The Manvers Main Natural Death Fund was organised in 1901, and was formed with the express intention of arranging benefits for employed miners who died from natural causes as distinct from accident.

Its administration was left to the two Manvers Main branches of the Yorkshire Mine Workers' Association, the secretaries being empowered to deal with claims as they arose and to pay out the prescribed benefits.

In the early days of the scheme the grants payable were £10 for an adult and £5 for a junior member; but these benefits were later increased to £20 and £10.

Subscriptions were stopped from the men's wages and paid into a banking account known as the Natural Death Fund Account.

It was imagined that all was well with the scheme until last year, when disquieting rumours began to gain currency.

Two censured

Enquiries were made and facts were eventually placed before the miners at a meeting which clearly showed that defalcations had been taking place.

A vote of censure was passed, and the treasurer and secretary were both removed from office.

Now, the majority of the employees at Manvers Main Colliery are contributors to the Natural Death Fund, including members of the clerical and administrative staffs.

Those who had not attended this first meeting demanded that another should be called, and this was held on November 8 last.

It was then decided that the deposed officials should be prosecuted. As a result, the two men were recently brought before Mr. G. B. Shiffner, chairman of the Doncaster West Riding Bench, to answer certain summonses in respect of the deficiencies in the Manvers Main Natural Death Fund.

Many witnesses were waiting to give evidence, but to the amazement of everybody the Bench stopped the proceedings after hearing only one summons.

Mr. Shiffner's words are worth quoting:

"The Bench," he said, "thinks it quite useless to proceed further with this case having regard to the evidence given by the witness for the prosecution.

"The Bench feels that this fund has been wrongfully used by the committee as a whole for years past, and that the men for whom it was instituted have been greatly defrauded."

Astounding!

The chairman then went on to say that there was no evidence that the two men before him were "more guilty than the rest of the committee. . . . It is amazing that such things should happen in a civilised country, and that men chosen as leaders should victimise the men they represent."

There, apparently, the matter has been allowed to rest.

Could anything be more unsatisfactory?

Here we have a magistrate speaking in the strongest possible terms of long-standing frauds, and intimating that he and his colleagues on the bench consider the whole committee equally responsible.

This means that more than a dozen men are at present under a cloud, and how serious this is will be apparent when we indicate the nature of the allegations that have already been brought to light.

* * *

Another fund, the Manvers Main Checkweigh Fund, is involved, and amounts of £167 13s. 3d. are said to have been fraudulently converted from this, while the Natural Death Fund is short of sums like £20, £159 17s. and £184 8s. 6d.

The total deficiencies are not known, but they are feared to be very considerable.

The report of our representative who has visited the colliery is far from encouraging.

Years of muddle

He finds that the books of the fund have been kept in a very haphazard fashion, and that those now engaged in trying to get at the facts are encountering all manner of difficulties in attempting to check the names of members who have died.

Clearly, when there are defalcations extending over years, it is no easy matter to check the sums which should properly have been paid out with collected subscriptions. How also can the check be made with what remains in the fund?

But something has already been discovered of the methods that have been employed in this wholesale robbery.

Deaths of imaginary members have been reported, and claims have been paid to people who were not entitled to anything.

For instance, five people named Smith are recorded as having received benefit, but only two members of that name have so far been traced.

Then, again, expenses have been wrongly charged to the fund in connection with items that had nothing to do with it.

Burnt the records

The investigation is further clouded by the absence of necessary books.

One former official who has been questioned admits that he burned a number of records in a fit of anger because of the treatment he had received from the committee.

This case calls for swift official intervention, and no pains must be spared to get to the root of the scandal.

Those who may be wrongfully under a cloud must have justice, and the real offenders must be punished.

Queer HOME-TRAINING *Scheme*

A WIDESPREAD advertising campaign for placing a home-employment scheme before the public seems to be in progress, and enquiries are reaching us from all parts of the country.

The promoters of the scheme, known as Hertons, Ltd., self-described as "manufacturers of leather products," are seeking pupils to learn "profitable work" by post.

The headquarters are at 53, Bouverie Road West, Folkestone, but pupils are being sought as far afield as Hove, Sussex, Kettering, Northampton, and Salisbury, Wilts.

In the initial letter sent out to applicants, Hertons, Ltd., declare that they know of an ideal way of helping pupils to earn money.

They can, it is claimed, secure permanent return by glove-making, as a ready market is assured for their work at all times.

Glowing praise

Applicants are given to understand that work will be found for them after they have undertaken a short practical course of instruction.

All they have to do is to fill up the membership form and Hertons' training and service will bring them "approved means of making more money."

In an accompanying circular we read that Hertons is an established registered limited company, with an authorised capital of £2,000, but it does not disclose that the firm came into being only a month or two ago.

To back up its offer, it quotes several testimonials. One, for example, is printed as follows:

"Clapham.—When I took up your glove-making I did not think it would be more than a spare-time job, but now I find that with my husband and I working it together we can make more between us with the comfort of working at home than he could make by going out for it. Again thanking you for your kind assistance,—Mrs. G. E."

Now this is very interesting indeed. Many of our readers will remember our criticisms some time back of the British Show Card Service, of Hitchin, Herts, which was busy enrolling pupils to learn show-card writing.

Strange coincidence

The lure of easy money to be made at home was also held out, and testimonials from satisfied show-card writers figured freely in the company's literature.

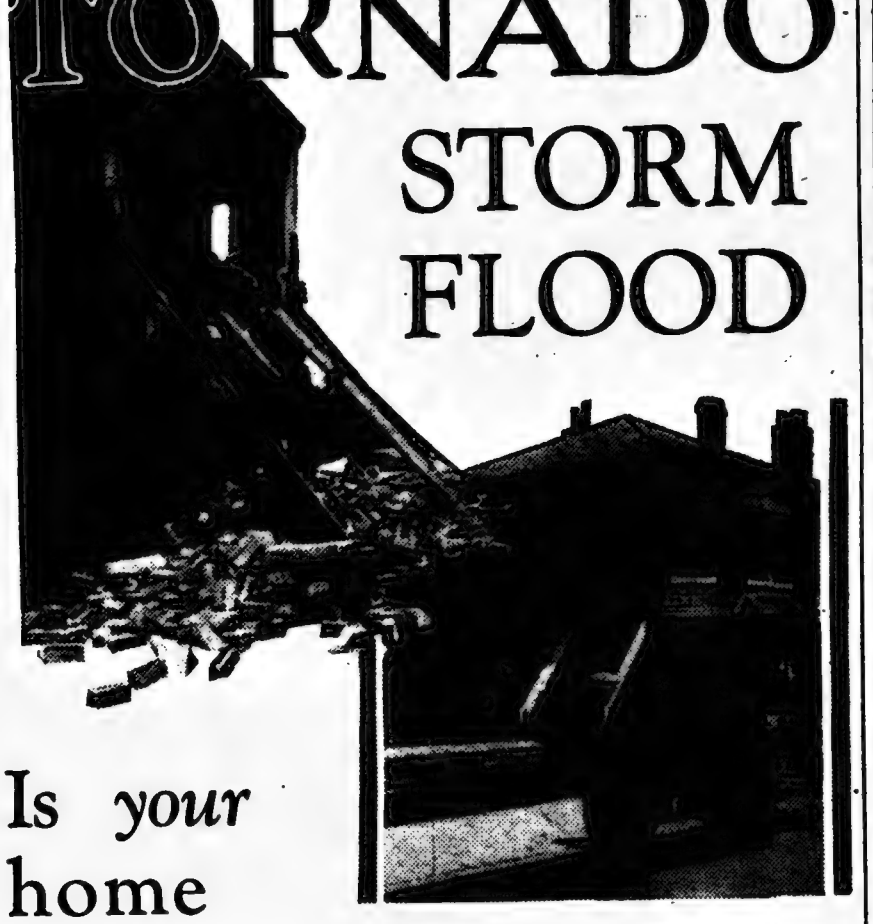
One of these is so interesting that we propose to quote it in full:

"Weymouth.—When I took up your show-card writing I did not think it would be more than a spare-time job, but now I find that with my husband and I working it together we can make more between us with the comfort of working at home than he could make by going out for it. Again thanking you for your kind assistance,—Mrs. A. W."

This curious coincidence scarcely calls for comment, but if an explanation be needed it can soon be given.

Behind the British Show Card Service was the notorious L. A. Spikesman, who has been so frequently exposed in JOHN BULL for his persistent fee-snatching ventures, of which Hertons, Ltd., seems to be the latest.

TORNADO STORM FLOOD



Typical scenes in the area struck by the tornado.

Is *your* home protected?

GREAT gaps made in dwellings showing furniture and belongings scattered and wrecked – roofs crashing through bedroom floors spreading more dire destruction – the damage caused by the recent tornado is appalling.

Many "John Bull" homes received the full fury of the elements. Applications for relief under "John Bull's" Free Family Insurance are very numerous. Meanwhile "John Bull" representatives are working at top pressure in the stricken area to ascertain the damage done to readers' household effects. As fast as their reports are received, cheques are being dispatched. "John Bull" is the ONLY paper to pay benefits on account of Tornado, Storm and Flood.

TORNADO, STORM, FLOOD, FIRE, SICKNESS, ACCIDENT
"John Bull" covers you against all these risks.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B., 27/6/31.

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.
Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and address of Newsagent.

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B., 27/6/31.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT NEW PEN OFFER

Cash these Coupons

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON.

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" Pen with **14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed two years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9** plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium or broad nib.*

Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

VALUE 3D

BARRY'S FAMOUS £5:5:0 SUIT for £2:2:0

Made to your special measurements

WE FIT YOU BY POST

Barry's Unfailing self-measure chart

Measure yourself in the privacy of your home. No risk of failure.

30 YEARS EXPERIENCE

is behind the Barry Service. Hence the following unique and unparalleled guarantee:—We forfeit 2/6 more than you pay if we fail to fit you from self-measures.

Send for FREE Patterns

The choicest collection of patterns ever assembled is yours for the asking. Tweeds, Worsteds, Serges, Flannels, Vicunas, etc. All at greatly reduced prices. The Barry Fashion Booklet shows all the latest London styles.

100% All Wool Indigo Dyed Genuine Botany Yarn Guaranteed London Shrunk **BLUE SERGE SUIT** Made to your measures **50/-**

900 ALL WOOL ~~999~~ GUARANTEED LONDON SHRUNK FLANNEL TROUSERS 12/9 TO MEASURE

Wear "aine-aine-aine" in rain or shine,
On mountain, moor or channel,
He chooses best, who's always dressed
In Barry's All Wool Flannel.

SCOTTISH WOOLLEN **GUARANTEED ALL WOOL SCOTCH SPORTS SUIT** Made to your measures **55/-**

The Ideal Holiday Coat

The BARRY MILITAIRE

A **£4:4:0** ALL WEATHER COAT IN LATEST PUTTY SHADE OR NAVY BLUE

for 21/- POST PAID TO YOUR ADDRESS IN GREAT BRITAIN OR IRELAND

Postage Abroad 2/6 extra Cash with Order.

The "MILITAIRE" is made in fine, reliable, super-spun Cloth, with storm-defiant "PARABAR" interproofing and elegant camel shade lining throughout, thus forming a thoroughly reliable three-ply coat. Absolutely impervious to rain, sleet or hail.

Cut with full, ample skirt, deep storm collar. No dressier or smarter coat was ever produced. Ideal in all climates.

The Militaire is equally dressy in dry weather as in wet weather.

Length only required for Ladies.

Lengths (from top of collar) 40, 42, 44, 46 ins.

Or Sent "CASH ON DELIVERY" anywhere in Great Britain. You pay the Postman.

Post us your remittance for 21/- for this ideal Coat, giving us your height and size round chest, over waistcoat. State whether Navy Blue or Putty Shade preferred.

S. A. BARRY & CO. LTD.
(J.B. Dept.) 26 CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1
OUR ONLY ADDRESS. WE HAVE NO BRANCHES.

Cultivate the habit of reading the advertisements in "John Bull" week by week. You will profit by it.

My AIM in Life—4. by

The Rt. Hon. LORD MELCHETT

A CURE FOR THE Slump

LORD MELCHETT—the progressive son of the late Baron Melchett, who revolutionised the chemical industry in Britain—is to-day's contributor to this thought-compelling series of articles by people with high aims for the betterment of humanity.

His ambition is to make industry pay, to give the working man a share in it, and to secure "a new sort of Government machine", with an Industrial Parliament to guide the executive politicians.

THE nineteenth century produced the development of the steam-engine; also electricity, including light, power and telephone. The twentieth century will, I believe, produce far greater scientific marvels to increase the wealth of the world.

My aim is to help to convey the benefits of these to mankind.

This means, in the first place, better conditions for labour, and this again means making industries pay. For if industry shows no profits, capital becomes frozen and impotent.

Nor can labour reap any advantage by drawing higher wages or securing a larger share in an industry unless that industry is making more than the bare profits necessary to remunerate capital.

You will notice that it is the successful industries which have done most for their workers.

The unsuccessful ones have a strong tendency to attract a poor type, both of employer and worker.

So my first object is to make industry pay.

This is not done by cutting down wages to the barest minimum. My aim is to pay the highest possible wages for the best possible results. An employer should feel a sense of pride in employing highly-paid labour.

ON the other hand, mere increase of pay leads nowhere. Labour should be personally interested in the success of industry, where wages, as a rule, are the greatest single economic factor.

There is to-day a new turn to industrial requirements. Employers need a better standard of labour, more intelligent and better-trained men to supervise the machinery which now does the work which in former days the old type of labourer used to do.

Brains are replacing brawn in the industrial worker.

A modern employer's aim should always be to raise the standard of work by using better methods and better men, and so eventually to increase the volume of trade and make room for more workmen of the new type.

Invention is producing the better methods, and education is producing the better workmen. You cannot hold up progress, but you can delay it, as many are trying to do, and put Britain back in the international race.

Labour has genuine grievances against present conditions, and it is my object to remove them.

The chief grouse of the working man is that he is hired for so much in normal times, and gets no more when his employers do well, whereas when things go badly with industry they attempt to reduce his wages.

"The machinery connecting production and consumption needs readjusting." This is the cog-wheel to make them work in harmony.

The remedy, in my opinion, is to give him a share in industry. Of course, this means that he will lose money when his industry goes through a bad time. But he cannot have it both ways.

RATIONALISATION is a much misunderstood term. It means simply common-sense plus efficiency, the elimination of useless competition, and the use of bargaining power in dealing with other countries.

Rationalisation doesn't necessarily mean forming very large units. No industrial unit is better simply for being big—in fact, the bigger it is the harder in many ways it is to handle.

For one thing, it is much more difficult for an employer to maintain personal touch with his workers. This is one of the difficulties that modern employers will have to solve.

I have found that by careful organisation and with the right spirit it is possible to maintain sufficient contact to get nearly all the benefits of personal touch, and it is most essential to do so.

Rationalisation and the improvement of the conditions of Capital and Labour are not likely to surmount difficulties like the present world depression.

The present slump is due to other causes. The world gets, say, 4 per cent. richer every year—that is to say, each year it is able to consume 4 per cent. more goods than the year before.

Unfortunately, the increase of means of production is not uniform. In some years the financial machinery gets out of gear and the world buys less.

But in the meantime industry is pouring out a steadily increasing amount of goods—with the result that there is heavy over-production.

This brings me to a further aim. The machinery connecting production and consumption needs readjusting to prevent sags and jerks in the economic rope.

As an instance of the sort of thing which is happening now, Canada has been burning vast quantities of wheat which she would like to exchange for our coal, while thousands of our miners have been standing idle for years.

And this is nothing to the wheat which Canada will destroy when Russia completes her schemes.

The financial system is probably to some extent to blame, but apart from this, if we are to reap the benefits of this scientific age, we must plan Great Britain—or, better still, the British Empire—as an economic unit.

IF we did this, Europe and the two Americas would probably follow suit, and in this way the whole world would rapidly become organised into economic units instead of being, as at present, chaotic.

But, taking our own case, an efficient economic unit needs a compact executive—in other words, we need a new sort of Government machine.

My aim would therefore be to avoid large Cabinets, where the executive action of Ministers is continually thwarted by Treasury officials, and have a few capable men directing our national economic development.

Parliament, on the other hand, should be a debating assembly.

It should confine itself to settling such matters as the closing of kinemas on Sunday or the revision of the Prayer-book.

A properly constituted Industrial Parliament should lay down the broad economic principles for the executive to work on.

To bring about such reforms we need a leader whom the nation will trust.

Earlier this year I had a talk with Mussolini. We need in this country the spirit that he has created in Italy. She has no unemployed. Instead of arguing, in Italy they put the job in hand.

IF we could do away with partisan government and allow the best brains to co-operate and direct our national affairs: if we allowed secret Parliamentary ballots on all measures of importance so that Members were not coerced by the Party machine, there is no reason at all why our industrial troubles should not be overcome and why we should not once again lead the world.

NEXT WEEK: The X-Ray on Nature's Mysteries"—by Sir William Bragg, the famous scientific investigator.

What's Yours?

The Human Machine

PEOPLE are different—which is what makes this such an interesting world; we should quickly find life extremely dull if we were all exactly alike. That's why so many people are foolish when they spend their time trying to imitate someone else. They are busy denying their own nature, the essence of which is that they have some special gift or some special quality that marks them off from their fellows.

The way to a happy life is to find out what you can do best—and do it. There is a corner of life somewhere which you can fill better than anyone else, and unless you find it you are only half alive.

It may be big, or it may be small—it is not the size of the job that makes it important; it is the quality of the work you do. And this quality will not be good if half our energy goes in envying others.

According to an old fable, the mountain once said to the squirrel: "You cannot bear great forests on your back." "Neither can you crack a nut," the squirrel retorted.

Any fool can say, "Yah! You're another!"—but what good does that do? What help is that to anyone?

There is always room in this world for originality, whether it be material invention or immaterial thought. Originality is simply the result of people putting energy into what they feel instinctively they can do instead of into futile attempts at imitation.

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WHITEHALL Cracks the Whip

Taking John Citizen for a ride—and bumping off the jay walkers

BY whom is this country governed: by the six hundred and fifteen duly elected representatives of the people sitting at Westminster, or by the permanent Civil Servants sitting shrouded in watchful anonymity in offices in Whitehall?

We say unhesitatingly that—to a far greater extent than most of us realise—Parliament has handed over the citizen to the mercy of Ministerial Departments and their permanent officials. It has done this by means of what is called "delegated legislation."

Dodging its own responsibilities with the excuse of saving Parliamentary time, it has allowed Ministers to insert clauses in Bills giving themselves and their official advisers the power to make rules and orders governing the citizen at their own sweet will.

This system of delegated legislation came into being during the war, and has since grown like a gigantic fungus until it now threatens the very principles of justice and liberty.

Lord Hewart, the Lord Chief Justice, was one of the first to draw attention to the way in which Parliament was undermining its own authority.

His public warning resulted about a year ago in the appointment of a committee to investigate the powers of Ministers. That committee's report will soon be published, and it should be a revelation even to Parliament itself.

Every year since the war between forty and fifty new Acts have been placed upon the Statute-Book. Many of them contain clauses conferring absolute powers on Ministers. Out of these Acts upwards of 1,400 rules and Orders in Council have been made in a single year at the behest of departmental officials.

In ten years many thousands of new rules have been issued, *each having the effect of law.* Armies of inspectors have been appointed and offices and departments created to administer them.

Every year between ten and twenty million pounds has gone on to Civil Service Estimates, until they now reach the enormous total of £295,000,000.

Without Fear or Favour

EXACTLY how much of this sum is represented by the cost of this new legislation from Whitehall we shall never know, for no figures have been supplied on this point. But we do know that every new rule costs money and that the number of inspectors has been doubled in five years.

Let us make it perfectly clear that we are not attacking either Whitehall in general or the permanent officials in particular.

On the contrary, we owe a debt of gratitude to the Civil Service for the very moderation with which it has used its truly formidable powers.

We are also well aware that very many of the new rules were issued solely to implement various social services.

Their intention was benevolent enough. What we attack is the whole principle of delegated legislation. What we fear is the multiplication of statutory orders giving Ministers arbitrary powers without the safeguard of open debate, and, too often, without the final safeguard of appeal to the courts.

When appeals are allowed against these orders, they become numerous and costly. The Derating Act, for example, has cost the country £50,000 to £60,000 a year in fighting appeals.

The High Courts and the House of Lords heard about a hundred appeals in a single year.

These appeals are costly enough to the country, but how much more serious must be the anxiety and financial loss to the individuals driven to them by this fantastic legislation.

Graver still is the situation of many whose livelihood or interests come within the scope of the office legislation made by other Acts, so framed that there is no right of appeal to the courts.

Many of these Bills contain clauses which make the Minister—or, in practice, his permanent officials—the only Court of Appeal against an order. He judges his own cause.

The Mines Act is an example. Under this Act grants and assistance are given on certain terms. But an order says that an application for such grant or assistance must first go to the department. If it is held up or refused there is no appeal.

A decision involving the future of hundreds of miners and a vast amount of capital can be taken by a Civil Servant clerk and formally approved by the Secretary.

Housing, town-planning, roads, traffic and health insurance Acts, all contain orders conferring absolute powers on the department concerned.

A doctor can be struck off the panel and ruined professionally for "over prescribing" under a Health Insurance Act rule. Over prescribing means giving a poor patient a more expensive medicine than that allowed him under the Act.

The doctor has no appeal except to the Ministry officials who are his accusers.

Scores of small shopkeepers and property-owners have been hard hit or ruined by peremptory orders under the Housing and Town Planning Acts. Again they have no appeal to the courts, which are there to administer the law.

The Traffic Act is the latest example. Here commissioners have been appointed by the Minister under his powers, who are acting in a most high-handed manner up and down the country.

OMNIBUS services which for years have been of great public convenience, and have been paying concerns to their owners, are being closed down right and left, with no consistency and without appeal except to the Ministry.

The proprietors are being put to the great expense in providing counsel to defend their claims for a licence to continue their livelihood. They are inundated with complex forms to fill in with the penalty of £5 a day for delay.

And, although all this vast and expensive machinery of the Traffic Acts has only just begun to function, the most absurd and glaring injustices have already been perpetrated.

The safeguards behind which the departments and the unseen dictators work are endless in variety.

TO endow their orders with all the power of the law, the most tortuous and ingenious devices are resorted to.

There is a Gilbertian example in the Housing Act. Here, if the Minister is *contemplating* applying an order unlawful under the Act, he can be prohibited. Once he has *confirmed it*, however, *no court in the land can interfere.*

In another recent case the officials framing the Act proposed that a judge should give them a ruling on a hypothetical case before the Act was drawn up—apparently so that these rules and orders could be made even more beyond the reach of the law!

Lord Hewart made some strong remarks when this procedure was attempted.

To sum up, there are now at least a hundred and fifty Acts on the Statute-Book, passed during the last ten years, which give the permanent Civil Servant complete powers over every one of us.

They put us beyond the help of the courts, who are our protectors.

UNDER these Acts regulations have been made over which Parliament itself has no control. This is a position fraught with the gravest menace to us all.

But there is a remedy. Since Parliament has created the problem, Parliament must remove it.

In whichever way the committee just sitting presents its report with regard to the legislation of the past, we demand that both Houses shall see to it that no future moves of this kind get past their scrutiny.

We maintain that it would be an easy matter to appoint a small permanent committee to examine every new Act for clauses which allow the assumption of supreme powers by Whitehall, and to modify all such clauses so as to preserve in every case the right of appeal to the courts.

Only if Parliament does its job thus vigilantly, completely and well, can we hope to avoid being imprisoned from the cradle to the grave, within these bonds of red tape; our hard-won personal and civic freedom a forgotten tradition.

The Clutching Hand in Van

THE SOCIET SHOPLIFT

" There are thousands of habitual shoplifters at large" ; the clutching hand's haul grows greater day by day

A PRESSING problem which has never yet been properly tackled publicly is the increase of crimes committed under the cloak of that strange and distressing disease—kleptomania.

In the majority of the serious cases of shoplifting, larceny and theft which come daily before the courts, the accused persons offer the excuse that they were prompted by some sudden mental impulse over which they had no control, an unexpected urge to steal.

And offences of this sort are so common that the Press has grown tired of reporting them.

Many of the offenders are supposedly respectable women, with unblemished records.

But although magistrates have been in the habit of binding over such people, we are in a position to say that 90 per cent. are not genuine victims of kleptomania.

They are crafty and designing women, who steal deliberately for profit as well as to gratify their love of finery. Their view is that at the worst they will escape with a fine.

There are thousands of habitual shoplifters at large, and it is more than time that some drastic official action was taken to stop what is fast becoming one of the worst social scandals of modern times.

During the past year — in London stores alone—there have been 1,300 detected cases, which have resulted in prosecutions at the Marlborough Street, West London, and Marylebone Police Courts.

And the official view is that only one case in ten of this class of offence is detected.

Mr. Bingley, the Marylebone magistrate, certainly had justification for saying a week or two ago that he would have to " harden his heart."

" I have two or three cases of shoplifting here every day," he observed. "There is no end to it. People — mostly respectable and in good position —think they can come here and just be bound over."

He hit the nail squarely on the head. That is exactly what these offenders invariably bank on.

A representative of Bourne and Hollingsworth, the famous Oxford Street drapers, told Mr. Mead the other week, during the prosecution of a woman shoplifter, that the firm brought on an average 250 cases to court every year.

He estimated the total yearly losses sustained through shoplifting at £10,000 a year.

This figure would be very much inflated if the firm did not maintain a staff of private detectives under Miss Annie Betts, who is conceded to be one of the finest women sleuths in London.

The total losses for the big London stores alone are in the neighbourhood of £150,000 yearly, so it will be seen how rampant shoplifting has become.

The scandal is heightened by the fact that so many of the offenders are well-to-do people.

From the highest

The house detectives at the various big stores, who are mostly women, know from experience that the growing army of shoplifters is recruited from titled families and women high up in society, while widows with big pensions, members of clergymen's families, and nurses have often been caught redhanded.

The job of these house detectives is fraught with great difficulties. There is always the danger of confronting a woman customer on suspicion to find upon interrogation that a mistake has been made.

For it is by no means an easy thing to keep suspects under observation in a crowded store.

A detective employed by Woolworth and Co., Ltd., recently requested a customer to come to his room to be searched, feeling positive that certain articles had been taken.

But a mistake had been made, so the error cost the firm £50 in damages.

Store detectives thus often hesitate to tackle suspects, and many real offenders escape in consequence.

Naturally, this rampant evil is by no means confined to London. All the big provincial stores, in Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Glasgow and Edinburgh, are constantly prosecuting alleged kleptomaniacs.

One cure—jail!

One Glasgow store, in fact, employs as many as twenty private detectives to watch its interests.

With few exceptions there should be only one cure for this very much abused " disease "—jail.

One of the saddest and most problematical cases of recent times is that of Mrs. Doris Gardiner, the well-to-do wife of a man who is well known in society.

Mrs. Gardiner is at present in a home. A few months ago she stole some fashionable gowns from Messrs. Debenhams' Mayfair store, and was arrested after having cunningly concealed them in an adjacent restaurant cloakroom.

When she appeared before Sir Robert Wallace, K.C., at the London Sessions, and after Dr. Walter Reynell, the Harley Street specialist, had given evidence that she was definitely a kleptomaniac, she was released on condition that she entered a home.

Yet she had been convicted only three years before for several shoplifting thefts, and, as far back as 1914, was caught shoplifting in Manchester.

Another shoplifter from the ranks of Society is Madame May St. Clair, who was recently

Mr. R. E. Dummett is one of the magistrates who now believes in sending shoplifters to jail

Vanity Fair—Women who Thieve for a Thrill

CTY

TER

Nowadays the hostess finds it necessary to combat kleptomania by sandwiching in a discreet detective between the guests at her house-parties and dances. For those, light fingers may belong to a close friend

sentenced to jail for a month. She, too, appealed, and Lady Maud Warrender, famous for her good and charitable nature, spoke on her behalf, and she was let off.

So was Grace Andrews, an American millionaire's daughter, who was said to have stolen without knowing it.

Two foreign students at Wimbledon College, who come from good families, Laila Gilbranson and Carley Deutsch, recently stole certain goods, but got off.

A woman named Bradley, of Manchester, went with three daughters on a pilfering expedition, and the police later discovered a miscellaneous assortment of goods, including hats, gloves, frocks, forks, and playing-cards, in their possession.

She was fined only £5.

Impudent woman

What is certainly a very remarkable magisterial decision was shown in a case brought by Selfridges against a woman named Mrs. Annie Pearce, of Edgware.

It was not the accused's first offence, for she had been caught shoplifting previously and had been let off with a caution.

She had repaid this leniency by stealing further articles.

The prosecuting lawyer declared that it was a "most deliberate, brazen and impudent case," and that there seemed no doubt that she had come to Oxford Street all the way from Edgware for the sole purpose of looting!

This view was upheld by the magistrate, who said that Mrs. Pearce thoroughly deserved to go to prison.

In the same breath he ordered her to pay a fine of £5!

Elizabeth Thew, a hospital matron, has just gone to jail for two months. She had no reason to steal and pleaded "nerves." But she had been previously bound over on two separate occasions.

Who can say how many cases of this class are genuine manifestations of kleptomania?

Naturally, among the hundreds of instances which constantly crop up, there must be some in which the accused person is the victim of an uncontrollable impulse to steal.

What a quandary for our magistrates! When doubt exists, is it to be wondered at that they are reluctant to send women to jail?

What is clearly wanted is some definite institutional treatment for genuine kleptomaniacs.

Fine no remedy

The position is growing so serious, as we shall show, that the Home Office should give very earnest consideration to the whole problem.

Magistrates would not find it so difficult to arrive at a decision in shoplifting cases if they were empowered to order certain offenders to be removed to a home where they could receive the care their peculiar kink calls for.

As things now stand, they can only fall back upon fines instead of imprisonment, which, of course, is what they always do when there is an element of doubt.

But how can the imposition of a fine *cure* a genuine kleptomaniac?

It will be seen, therefore, that the problem is a very baffling one, and that hardened criminals are not slow to take advantage of such a sheltering cloak.

"Nerve"—not nerves

A woman named Anne Pickett, of Brady Street, London, E., with no suggestion of "nerves," has just been sentenced for shoplifting at Thomas Wallis, Ltd.

But she will be at large again in four months, though she has nine previous convictions for the same thing.

Margaret Glenny, too, has just gone to prison for six months for shoplifting offences at Selfridges. She has four previous convictions.

Adelina Rymer, one of the most persistent shoplifters on police records, is known to belong to a gang of "experts" who operate all over England. Yet when she was caught recently her sentence was only six months.

So we could go on, citing cases by the hundred to show how hardened shoplifters have repeatedly escaped with lenient sentences.

Beautiful "Babe"

But now let us deal, from exclusive information gathered by our Special Commissioner, with the exploits of habitual shoplifters who, though known to many house detectives, contrive to remain at large altogether.

A well-dressed woman who resides in a luxurious West End flat has been under observation for years past.

She is known among her associates—and to Scotland Yard—as "The Babe," and is probably one of the leading shoplifters and receivers of the world.

She has been known to drive up to one store after another, stealing goods in each, yet calmly leaving them in her car at every place of call under the care of the commissionaires.

Sock after sock

"The Babe" has been known to walk out of a store wearing numerous pairs of exquisite silk stockings that she had "lifted" at the counter and put on in the privacy of the store's own cloakroom. Sets of lingerie have been similarly smuggled out by her.

This same woman once acquired a £300 fur coat, leaving her old one on the rack from which the other had been stolen!

Her hauls are usually deposited in hotel or restaurant cloak-rooms until they can be safely collected.

Scotland Yard undoubtedly knows "The Babe" well, but she, unfortunately, knows how to just keep out of their clutches.

It is amazing, but true, that consignments of stolen valuables are *never* collected by thieves who scent the slightest danger, so these find their way with ordinary "unclaimed" articles to the Lost Property Office at Scotland Yard.

The latest modes in hats form a tempting bait for shoplifters, and in rush hours are easy of acquisition, the favourite trick being to leave an old hat in the place of the one taken.

As it is no uncommon thing for women to try on countless hats and depart without making any purchase, it is not always possible to challenge a suspect.

There is a gang of shoplifters at work to-day whose "receiver" is a woman who wears a handsome fur coat that is provided with exceptionally capacious pockets. This woman never "lifts" anything herself.

She simply mingles with the crowds, perhaps making legitimate purchases to allay suspicion, while those who do the actual "lifting" drop articles into her pockets as she passes.

Padded loot

So serious has the whole problem become that the Flying Squad has lately devoted quite a lot of attention to shoplifters.

Flying-Squad detectives recently saw three women behaving suspiciously in Oxford Street and followed them to one big store after another.

It was noticed that their figures seemed to grow more ample with each call.

Finally they were arrested, and found with articles to the value of £200 concealed upon them—all from one morning's "work"!

These women had specially designed baskets suspended beneath their skirts for concealing most of their spoils. But for the Flying Squad's smart work they would never have been detected.

Crooks and kinks

So there the problem stands. For every genuine kleptomaniac there are nearly a dozen hardened offenders.

The scandal must not be permitted to get more out of hand than it already is, and some means must be devised for discriminating between the two classes of offender.

The problem is beset by many difficulties, as we have shown, but they are not insurmountable if the authorities will only tackle it with determination.

The delightful Nutty Flavour of a Manikin is so dependable that I know I need only light up one of these excellent little smokes to be sure of half an hour's peaceful satisfaction and a smoke pleasure that knocks care sideways.

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DOWN *in* FLAMES

". . . a horrible, splintering, rending crash, a leaping cloud of flame and smoke and dust"

IT is difficult to imagine a more dreadful certainty of death than must be in the mind of the airman who is crashing from a great height.

And if, in addition, a roaring bonfire of flame is disintegrating about him a frail structure of wood and cloth saturated in petrol, his mental agony must be indescribable.

That under such appalling conditions men could retain any mind at all, much less a cool and calculated courage, may well be accounted a miracle.

Yet I can tell of such a miracle, and you can find confirmation, if you wish, in the cold, official facts of an "R.A.F. communique."

It was in March, 1918, that a two-seater Armstrong-Whitworth machine, piloted by Second-Lieut. McLeod, with Lieut. Hammond as his observer, was attacked by a swarm of enemy triplanes.

For a few minutes the fight was fast and furious.

It was a desperately uneven combat, but for minutes the two men in the one machine more than held their own, and drove off machine after machine.

Then they felt the rip and rattle of bullets striking their 'plane; and, in an instant, a spit of flame leaped, flickering a moment, then blazing like a gigantic torch.

The machine at the moment of her taking the fatal shots was tilted nose downward. The petrol flooded forward into the pilot's cockpit.

In an instant he was sitting in a bath of scorching flames. The forward and downward dive of the machine swept the fire tail-ward, and the observer was enveloped in a torrent of roaring flame and blinding, choking smoke.

THAT fight of one against many had been watched with breathless excitement from the front-line trenches on both sides over which it took place.

The machines at first were too high up for any details of the fight to be followed, but at least it could be seen that the fight was on.

And it could be seen and understood, only too plainly, what a winking, yellow flash, followed by a streaming banner of black smoke from the British machine, meant.

High above them, the pilot, momentarily dazed, squatted in his seat with the blazing petrol washing round his feet; the observer stood helpless at his gun, with the smoke and flame whirling about him; and the enemy triplanes swung circling wide with their pilots peering out to watch the end.

But the end was not yet, so far as the fighting, and the desperate, yet cool and calculated courage and die-in-the-last-ditch British spirit, went.

The groundlings below were puzzled a moment later to hear the faint "rat-tat-tat" of machine-gun fire from above, to see the triplanes diving in one after the other and resuming combat with a blazing heap of wreckage carrying two men still alive, but already as good as dead.

They were still too far below, and

Illustration by Dudley Tennent

A War Flyer Tells the True Story of an Heroic Struggle in the Air

by

Lt.-Col. E. A. EWART

also too ignorant of air manœuvres to understand the meaning of the British machine's sudden change of course from a forward diving plunge to a sidelong, downward swoop.

What that meant, how it was done, what resulted from it, is one of the many incredible stories that belong to air-fighting.

McLeod, the pilot, jumped to his feet as that first gust of flame and smoke leaped from under him.

Heat, flame, smoke and the fear of certain death might well have driven him—as the records tell it did drive many—to throw himself overboard and die instantaneously when he struck "the floor" below, or merely to sit there, helpless, until the flames roasted him to death, or the machine fell to pieces about him.

BUT when he jumped to his feet, he brought his head and shoulders above the edges of the cockpit.

"I snatched a few gasping, quick-drawn breaths that were free of the flame," he said afterwards, "and then glanced round, and saw the streaming flames swirling round my observer."

With a first, quick, instinctive thought to save his comrade, he kicked his rudder, wrenched over the "joystick," and flung the machine into a downward, sideslip leap.

Flame and smoke now ceased for the instant to sweep the machine from nose to tail, roared up, overside, and out sideways, from the length of the machine.

In that moment's respite, McLeod scrambled up and over the side of his cockpit, and somehow got a footing on the wing of the machine stretching out and down on the side to which it sliced.

Under his feet he had a flimsy sheet of fabric stretched taut over a thrumming framework of hollowed bits of wood; over his head was the roof of a similar wing of matchwood covered with stuff as thin as a handkerchief, by his side was a boiling cauldron of fire and flames.

YET he clung to his lurching and jolting foothold and handhold, reached one hand in to the bath of flame, gripped his joystick, and, with it, the control of the machine.

He had no thought at the moment except to keep the searing flames off his observer and himself, knowing, if his mind was capable of knowing anything, that they could only escape death by fire for a few seconds, or escape it, more or less, to die the death of a full-strength crash on the ground.

But he clung there, pushing the joystick forward to get speed, swaying it to hold that sidelong slip.

Then, suddenly, his mind, concentrated on those thoughts of staving off for the moment their death by fire, was recalled to the chance of death "by enemy action."

He heard the clatter of machine-guns, saw the hostile machines come diving, plunging in again to their resumed attack, heard the hiss and whip of bullets past his ears.

ON the ground below, those breathless watchers, looking up at seven or eight fighting-machines circling round a funeral pyre falling at a hundred miles an hour to a crash, could hardly believe their eyes when they saw the enemy triplanes gather, take formation, and begin to dive, systematically, in turn, and pour a rain of bullets on the doomed machine and men.

But the British trenches broke out in strangled, choking cheers when they heard, as each enemy dived, an answering crackle of fire from the downward hurtling wreck.

The firing was from the observer's gun. The pilot, with fixed, forward-firing guns, could only aim them by sitting with his eye in line with the sights and pointing his machine at any target.

Balanced out there on the wing, he could do nothing except give his whole mind to handling the machine, struggling to keep it under control, and side-slipping to the side he was standing on.

Over and over again, as the enemy machines dived, he could hear the vicious whip of their bullets, the spatter and crackle of their striking the machine, and feel the stab after stab of the ones that wounded him.

Hammond could catch glimpses of the hostiles darting down and in on them; and as each one came, he steadily swung his gun-muzzle to cover it, held his fire until he judged it within effective range and had it in his sights, and only then loosed off a gust of bullets at it.

He, too, heard the hiss and rip and rap of passing and striking bullets, felt the darting pain of one after another piercing his heat-seared flesh.

In the space of perhaps one minute, McLeod took five wounds and his observer six—a space of time little enough as time is normally measured, but a long-drawn dragging agony to those two; and seconds enough to hold a close-packed drama of action, of machine after machine diving and firing, of burst after burst of bullets clattering from the observer's gun, of an emptied drum of cartridges whipped off the gun, a full one picked up, snapped into place, and the gun swung up, aimed, and rattling into action as the next enemy dived.

In this time, too, the flame-wrapped machine had swept down near enough for those watchers on the ground to see every detail of what was happening.

"We saw one man crouched, clinging, trying to turn his face from the intolerable heat," an eye-witness has said. "The other, except when hidden by smoke, could be seen standing grimly to his gun."

The end was near. The machine was lurching and swerving, but more or less kept that downward side-slip direction.

From the direction of its fall it was clear now that the machine would crash in the front-line trenches on either side, or in the neutral ground between them.

Another two or three of those wild swoops, and it must strike.

And yet, without pause or ceasing, the enemy triplanes continued to dive, firing to within point blank distance, zoom up and away, curve over and dive again.

And Hammond just as steadily continued to meet each with his return fire.

Nor did he shoot in vain, because from the ground they could see one enemy after another flinch and swerve, recover, and sheer off away out of the fight, quite plainly receiving a hit from doomed machine.

Hammond is officially credited with driving down three machines "out of control."

The burning machine lurched over, standing for an instant almost on its wing-tip, made a last staggering, curving swoop over the open ground between the opposing trenches, and there struck in a horrible, splintering, rending crash, a leaping cloud of flame and smoke and dust.

A blackened, smoking, smouldering figure was flung, or made a last wild leap out, from the shattered wreck; and, to the blank amazement of the onlookers, was seen to struggle to his feet, look round and run, staggering and stumbling, back to the wreckage.

IT was McLeod, scorched, dazed, streaming blood from his five wounds, but still not only alive, but keeping his amazingly cool senses and unflinching courage.

Hammond, the observer, was caught there in the wreckage, and McLeod somehow managed to get to him, catch hold, and begin to drag him out.

As the two reeled out from the burning mass, a crackle of rifle-fire broke out from the German trench, and the bullets began to whip and thud in jumping puffs of dust about the two.

Thicker and faster they came, and then the swift rattle of a machine-gun added to the din and spurts of hailing bullets.

From the British trench came a roar of angry yells, and the more effective roar of rifle-fire, as every man who could get a muzzle over the parapet broke out in "independent—rapid," the scourging "mad minute" of aimed rifle-fire that so often had staggered the German infantry.

It checked and held the enemy fire to some extent, and heedless of the rest of it, a party of our men flung over their parapet, and ran to where the two had dropped into the half-cover of a shell-hole.

Regardless of the machine-gun fire that reopened on them, and of their own casualties, they reached the two, grabbed and rapidly bundled them back, over and down into the comparative haven of safety of the trench.

McLeod, wounded five times in the air, had taken a sixth wound as he rescued Hammond, making equal tally with the six Hammond had sustained in his fight against what one might fairly call impossibly long odds.

BOTH were brought in alive, and—most incredible fact of all the string of incredible facts I have told—both survived their terrible experience, and lived to wear the decorations they so well won.

And perhaps the strangest fact in this true narrative, which certainly surpasses all fiction, is that McLeod was not awarded the V.C. for his cool courage and skill in so controlling and landing his machine that both escaped.

That was "his job," as it was the observer's to man his gun as long as he could. No, McLeod got his V.C. for rescuing his observer under enemy fire.

But both have something more to their credit than the decorations they share with so many other gallant air-fighters—the distinction of being the only couple (so far as I've ever heard) who survived the end which, with this one exception, followed being "shot down in flames."

Next Week:

SANCTUARY

A study in human nature from real life—

by

BETTY TRASK

Your kiddies need this Quick New energy

And they'll love these wonderful flakes of golden Indian Corn. So easy to digest, so quick to release its store of quick new energy—that's why Post Toasties is called the Wake-up Food. Buy the big red and yellow packet to-day, and try it to-morrow—with milk or cream.

Give them—

Post Toasties

The Wake-up Food

MADE IN CANADA

POST TOASTIES ARE ONE OF THE POST PRODUCTS WHICH INCLUDE GRAPE-NUTS, POSTUM, POST'S BRAN FLAKES AND POST'S WHOLE BRAN.

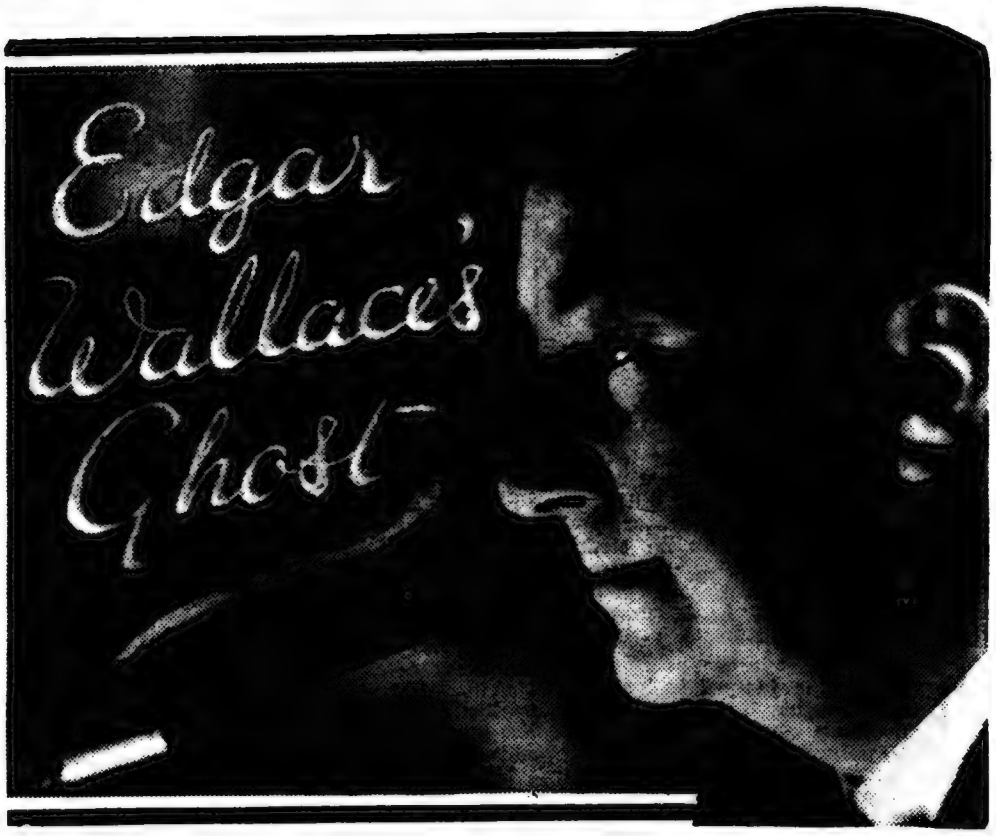
Perfume for Ladies ...YES! But why in TOBACCO

Cheap tobaccos are ordinarily perfumed and "flavoured" because they *have* to be. Made of harsh, crude leaf such tobaccos are *camouflaged* and "doctored" with the idea of softening their "tang" and taking the "edge" off their bite.

If you are tired of the scented and "faked" varieties of economy tobaccos try pure, *natural* RUBICON MIXTURE. Costing only 8½d. per ounce, RUBICON MIXTURE is made *entirely* from choice leaf, matured and *kept natural* as in tobaccos costing up to 1/- per ounce. Its clean, wholesome smell and its rich nutty flavour make RUBICON MIXTURE *far superior* to most of the economy tobaccos. One week of trial will prove this.

Made by John Sinclair Limited Newcastle-on-Tyne.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO—



A Challenge by SYDNEY A. MOSELEY

IT is now some weeks since Edgar Wallace—did he but know it—made the most important pronouncement of his life. On Saturday night, May 2, he was in his study and—according to his own statement—he *saw the ghost of a woman sitting on a blue velvet chair.*

Very rightly, the well-known writer made public this extraordinary visitation, and he did so in the clear, common-sense style of which he is master.

The ghost came to him as he was writing in his study. He had written three paragraphs, and had decided to erase one of them when a voice said: "I think it is very silly, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

Voices usually belong to animate objects, but Edgar Wallace states categorically that no one was in the room except himself. He heard the voice clearly. It was not wireless: it was not a gramophone; it was not the reverberation of a noise across the way.

In fact, the rebuke came from the ghost of a woman sitting in his blue velvet chair. He is certain of this—as we shall see from his further evidence.

Indeed, he addressed the ghost. He said: "*What* is silly?" but there was no reply.

The moving watch

As proof—if it were needed from so sane an observer!—that he was suffering from no hallucination, Mr. Wallace states that after going into his wife's room and talking about the children and the theatre, he returned to his study and *found that the paper on which he was writing, and on which he had placed his watch and chain, had disappeared.*

The watch and chain in some mysterious manner had moved themselves, or had been moved, from the centre of the writing-pad to a place at the side.

This evidence, startling in itself, is capped by an extraordinary sequel which Mr. Wallace still describes in a matter-of-fact, almost casual, manner.

In the early hours of the next morning—at five o'clock, to be precise—a violent attack of coughing woke him. And there, in the corner of his study, he saw the ghost woman or the being who had previously addressed him.

Although she was not pretty, there was something attractive about her.

She was sitting bolt upright, hands on her knees. With the trained eye of a journalist, Edgar Wallace was able to note more details about this ghost than is usual when people describe similar adventures.

Gone, like the ghost?

"They were very quick, restless hands," he writes, "and one of them had a gold ring. I won't swear that it was a wedding-ring.

"I was not a bit nervous. I was curious and very much interested. She spoke very quickly, and gave me no chance to get in a word."

This second sensation occurred, as I say, in the early hours of Sunday morning, May 3.

We are now nearing the end of June, and Mr. Wallace's interest, like the ghost, seems to have evaporated.

That is not the least astonishing part of his strange experience, of which the printed record made a profound impression on a great many readers.

To me especially, I confess, it was of a momentous nature.

Scores of people make claims in regard to spiritualism which, even when of a strikingly circumstantial kind, are merely of passing interest. But when such a sane, matter-of-fact man as Edgar Wallace offers evidence of this nature one must sit up and take notice.

Yet the spectre does not seem to have worried or moved him to any great extent.

It must be understood that what chiefly interested me was the visitation itself—the ghost, not the ghost's unearthly voice, which told Edgar his paragraph was "silly," and that he ought to be ashamed of himself.

Is he ashamed? At any rate, he seems to have taken the advice of his spirit visitor, for the paragraph was duly erased, and he has since been reconciled to the man whom he was criticising in the paragraph to which the ghost objected.

This is not, I am told, the first occasion upon which a spirit has helped to edit a paper, but it is the first time such help has been publicly admitted.

What Wallace overlooks, however, is the significance not of the paragraph, but of the ghost. Why has he not pursued the matter? What is the true inward mystery of this ghost which he considers worthy of no more than a single mention?

Now, I am in deadly earnest about this matter. I am staggered that he has allowed this vital matter to drop, to pass away as if it were the stunt of a week's duration.

The world yearns—

The spirit passed, but its importance remains. It may have appeared of small significance to Edgar Wallace, but it is of the utmost significance to humanity.

For decades past we have discussed this all-absorbing subject, and we have never got down to actual evidence of value.

Cranks—people steeped in prejudice on one side or the other—have monopolised the platform.

The biggest disservice to spiritualism has been done by the narrow-minded bigots among its adherents. They are worse than the huge army of crooks and impostors who batten on the movement.

Spiritualists themselves have admitted that the majority of professional mediums are tricksters—crooks taking people's money under false pretences.

I do not believe that Edgar Wallace's experience was such a surprise to him as he would lead us to believe. *I believe that he has thought a good deal on the matter of psychic phenomena.*

Five times I have gone out and made exhaustive investigations into this most baffling of subjects. Five times I have been appalled at the stupendous fraud that goes on under the cloak of a new religion.

Quacks, quacks everywhere! And, when they are not frauds, they are cranks of varying degrees.

Were this *all* the evidence I should have no hesitation in stumping the country, calling upon the authorities to run every professional medium into jail.

Fortune-tellers, too

And, indeed, the police would not be far wrong in any case in shutting down those fortune-telling booths which abound in every big city.

Even if they did, however, that would not put an end to this ever-growing movement which is going on in churches and—what is more important—in other people's own homes.

The real evidence of spiritualists is not open to the outsider. It is obtained within the sanctity of one's own home. That is where the genuine believer in spiritualism operates.

The others, in my view, are humbugs on the look-out for credulous people ready to part with their money.

It is the Edgar Wallaces that make one pause in condemning spiritualism wholesale. I have met solicitors and business men and personal friends whose testimony I value, who have told me of their strange experiences.

Edgar Wallace, whom I have known and admired for many years, caps the lot.

What is the meaning of it all? Surely after such an experience he cannot leave the matter where it is.

For the sake of truth, for the sake of all earnest enquirers, and for the sake of his own reputation as a keen observer and accurate reporter, I invite Edgar Wallace to be more explicit and to take the world fully into his confidence.

Does it come back?

What has happened to the ghost? Was it laid for ever when he struck out the offending paragraph and buried the controversial hatchet? Or does it still, from time to time, occupy the blue velvet chair in Edgar's study?

These are questions which may sound flippant, but I ask them in all seriousness, because the answer to them may be of universal importance.

Relax with WRIGLEY'S ...and *win!*

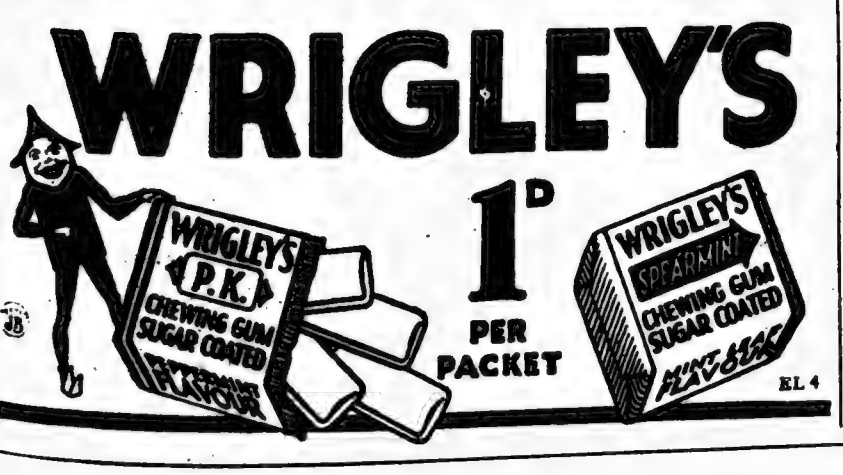
A VERY useful habit to get into is the Wrigley habit. At the first tee put a piece of Wrigley's in your mouth, it will soothe and relax strained nerves. Your game all round is immensely benefited by Wrigley's because it gives you that complete relaxation you need.

At the same time Wrigley's after every meal cleanses the mouth and teeth and aids the digestion.

There are two flavours—P.K., a pure peppermint flavour, and Spearmint, a pure mint leaf flavour. Both equally delightful, tempting to the taste and deliciously flavoured with a flavour that lasts to the end.

There was never a sweet that costs so little yet offers so much.

British Made by British Workmen with Empire Materials



EL 4

"I use Gibbs myself Sir!"

"I assure you it's good! You can depend upon Gibbs Shaving Cream. It comes from the tube just right—Winter or Summer! And there's Cold Cream in it. Believe me, Sir, that makes a big difference. Delicious feeling... Excuse me, Sir..."

Had the Chemist not been interrupted, he might have added that Gibbs Shaving Cream multiplies itself 200 times in rich, copious, water-holding lather, that gets down instantly to the depths of the beard and makes easy work for the razor.... that it does not dry on the face.... that it is most economical in use.... that it is 100% British. Buy a full sized tube to-day or let us send you a generous trial tube.

Gibbs **Shaving Cream**

In Tubes 1/- and 1/6

FREE!

10 day Trial Tube.

So confident are we that Gibbs Shaving Cream will surprise and delight you, that we offer this generous sample free.

SEND THIS COUPON

To D. & W. Gibbs, Ltd., (Dept. 108V), City Soap Works, London, E.1.

I'd like to try your new Shaving Cream. Please send me a free trial tube. I enclose 1½d. stamp to cover postage.

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"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—

In the case of medicines and drugs, we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

See John Bull's "Shop Window" & Small Ads. on Pages 2 & 3.

What will their future be?

Happy, healthy kiddies—millions of mothers know that nourishing Quaker Oats makes their children healthy and strong.

WHATEVER advantages you can give your children—educational, social, or financial—nothing can mean much unless they have strong, healthy bodies.

In our variable summer weather it is most important to keep young bodies properly nourished all the year round. A Quaker Oats breakfast gives strength to resist cold, damp days, and energy for sudden warm periods, when kiddies are apt to take so much out of themselves.

Therefore start your children "right" every day with a delicious breakfast of Quaker Oats. They will enjoy its rich creamy flavour and you will find it most economical, too.

Two kinds—Quaker Oats and Quick *Quaker. Both made in Canada.*

QUICK QUAKER

TWO SIZES

4d. and 8½d.

per packet—except in Irish Free State

Fathers for a day—first steps in the care of first-steppers

Bringing Up FATHER

NOW and then—in fact, quite often in some families—father has to mind the baby.

Well, here comes National Baby Week. The country is dinned with talk of nothing but babies; ministers of all denominations are preaching child-welfare from their pulpits; in London they are showing a special Baby Week film.

It's a splendid movement — all fathers know that. For fifteen years now it has been striving after fine ideals — healthier, stronger babies; happier mothers, happier homes and a nobler race

But, somehow, the fathers feel out of it! Mothers come in for their share of the publicity; but the fathers get nothing. Nobody seems to spare them a thought.

There are, for instance, about three thousand maternity and ante-natal classes for women in the United Kingdom; but the fathers are scarcely catered for in this respect.

Yet surely they count for something in the scheme of things? Surely it is a mistake to rule fathers out altogether?

Making fathers fit

There is at least one place, though, where fathers have come into their own.

This is in the Royal borough of Kensington, where Dr. James Fenton, the local Medical Officer for Health, presides over a pioneer organisation known as the Lancaster Road Fathers' Council.

There the importance of fatherhood is understood; there young men can attend "fathercraft" classes and gain sound knowledge to fit them for their responsibilities as heads of families.

You can see it done. They hand over to "Father" in these classes a grubby little mortal and take him right through the "course" of undressing, bathing, feeding and putting to bed.

The idea is rapidly spreading, and at least twenty-eight London medical officers have expressed their interest in the Lancaster Road Fathers' Council and asked for reports of its work and progress.

As a result, eleven new councils have sprung into being, and others are bound to follow.

The aim is to make successful husbands and happy fathers, who will be so armed with knowledge and wisdom that they will be able to give their children the best possible chance in life.

Dr. James Fenton, pioneer in fathercraft

Marriage is here regarded as a practical problem. Success in business, it is argued, can only be secured if much time and thought are devoted to the various problems which arise. In their solution common-sense and a knowledge of human nature are usually essential.

How much more, then, is this the case when it comes to the business of being a successful husband and father.

Yet the average man is content to deal more or less perfunctorily with each domestic problem as it arises, with the result that fireside happiness is often needlessly shattered.

To be a successful father is an art. It is difficult of accomplishment and calls for thought, tact, self-discipline, common-sense, sympathy and understanding.

The development of all these qualities is encouraged at the Fathers' Council. All aspects of the marriage relationship are frankly dealt with and the soundest advice is given.

But it must not be thought that the "fathercraft" classes are dull; they are always human and often tempered by genial good humour.

The fathers are taught to appreciate that the bringing of a child into this world involves the strongest of partnerships between husband and wife, in which the heaviest burden falls upon the wife.

Too many husbands are apt to think that this is a time when they are better out of the way; but eminent medical authorities do not agree.

During times of trial, they declare, most women like to feel that their husbands are at hand, and they appreciate the moral support that their presence gives them.

Moreover, there are many jobs that a man can do and which the fathercraft classes advise him to perform. If he helps his wife with little jobs about the house the children will follow suit.

If he upholds her in her views and corrections, the mother's control of the family in his absence will be easier, and he will find more harmony on his return home after a tiring day's work.

When the new baby is expected the father can, by exercising small economies in his personal expenditure, ensure that his wife is provided with the better and more wholesome nourishment that she needs.

Robbing death

And all the time there are countless jobs that a man with willing hands can easily do and which no father should feel ashamed of doing to free the expectant mother of vexatious household worries.

But the classes go much farther than this. Advice is given on the care of the teeth; the value of fresh air and sunlight; the necessity for frequent baths.

That outspoken teaching regarding harmony in the home, with cleanliness of body and wholesomeness of mind, is necessary, is emphasised in an interim report on Maternal Mortality now in the hands of the Ministry of Health.

It shows that 2,920 mothers lost their lives in childbirth in 1928 alone.

The necessity for cleanliness and ante-natal supervision is insisted upon, and yet it is seen that there are still numbers of women who are doomed to die as a direct result of the omission of these precautions.

Fatherhood!

The death of a mother is a dreadful calamity to home life—perhaps the most grievous of all misfortunes which can afflict husband and children. Yet an excessive maternal mortality can undoubtedly be prevented.

That is where the value of the instruction offered at the fathercraft classes lies. It means that the subject is being approached from a new angle.

The tendency to think only in terms of motherhood and childhood and to forget the very existence of the fathers is all wrong.

To instruct mothers in child-welfare and let the fathers walk in ignorance is like painting one side of a fence to preserve it from the weather.

We hope this Fathers' Council idea will go on spreading, so that we shall one day see centres established throughout the country where young husbands can be taught a more broad-minded and saner understanding of family problems.

"The Strange Case of—"

What has happened to Colin Clive, the famous star of "Journey's End"? Since "The Stronger Sex" was made in 1930 he has done no more film work—Why?

The answer to that question will be found in "The Strange Case of Colin Clive" in next week's *Picturegoer Weekly*.

Then there is a special story of Jack Mulhall, who is now on a visit to these shores.

"Look Out for the Lens Hog" tells how film-players often steal the thunder from the stars, and so jump a claim to stardom.

He drives 250 miles a day on

It's stamina that's required for motor coach driving and Armour's Veribest Corned Beef supplies it. Tender, tempting, ready-cooked meat. Take it when motoring or picnicking. Buy a tin from your grocer or ask him for it ready sliced. Wonderful how it keeps you going.

ARMOUR'S Veribest Corned Beef

ASK FOR ARMOUR'S OX TONGUES, THE "VERIBEST" YOU CAN BUY

Summer meals made delightfully nourishing

SUMMER meals—at home or out-of-doors—must be tempting, but they must be nourishing as well. The reason why you so often feel fatigued in the summer is because you are not taking sufficient energy-creating nourishment to make good and replace the energy continually being expended. Energy can only be obtained from nourishment, so that, although your appetite for food in the summer is less, your need for nourishment remains much the same all the year round.

That is why Mother always serves cold "Ovaltine" as the beverage to be taken with summer meals, because it makes the lightest meal complete in nutritive value. "Ovaltine" maintains strength and vitality, and prevents summer lassitude. Easily prepared by adding to cold milk or milk and water and whisking for a minute.

Delicious "Ovaltine" is made from malt, milk and eggs, Nature's most nourishing foods.

OVALTINE SERVED COLD

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland, 1/3, 2/- and 3/9. P.726

"PROTECT *even the least injury* AGAINST DIRT" *doctors urge*

CHILDISH accidents! Who can stop them? They are the inevitable result of busy playful days — in themselves not alarming but danger threatens when these little wounds are laid open to infection by dirt.

That is why it is so essential for mothers to have "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly always at hand.

A scratched leg, a skinned elbow — no matter what the casualty — smear it with "Vaseline" Jelly after washing and then bandage. It forms a protective layer, keeps the wound clean, helps healthy tissue to grow and prevents unsightly scars.

"Vaseline" Jelly is obtainable at all chemists and stores in jars, tins and tubes — two kinds — yellow and white. Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Cons'd., Victoria Road, Willesden, London, N.W.10.

Trade **Vaseline** Mark
Petroleum Jelly

9660

"I will not let you down"
JOHN BULL

Spend wisely. Be fair to your pocket and patronise the firms who advertise in your favourite weekly—"John Bull." This week's "Shop Window" on page 3 is crammed with bargains. If anything you buy fails to satisfy you, write and say why, and "John Bull" will keep its promise not to let you down.

ROYAL ENFIELD

The Better Bicycle—yet it costs no more!

Every model fitted with Dunlop tyres, chromium - plated without charge, and guaranteed as long as you have it.

PRICES FROM
£4.19.6
or 10/- monthly. No deposit. Send for List "D1" and full details.

The ENFIELD CYCLE Co. Ltd. REDDITCH

Holbrook's
Worcestershire SAUCE
The Sauce of Appet'te.

In Summer dogs pay the price of DOMESTICATION.

DOGS have no protection against heat as, owing to their skin being non-porous, they cannot regulate bodily heat by perspiring. They overheat easily and quickly and so the dog, before he became domesticated, avoided heat as far as possible by roaming and by keeping to leafy woods.

Dogs who cannot enjoy the freedom of the countryside suffer acutely during hot weather unless their blood is kept cool and pure. You can easily do this by giving your dog Bob Martin's Tasteless Condition Powders, which remove every impurity from the blood and refresh the whole system, curing *and preventing* all blood ailments such as Lifelessness, Excessive Scratching, Loss of Appetite, Eczema, Loose Coat and Swellings between the Toes.

Since 1892 the famous prize winners of Shows and Field Trials have been kept in perfect condition with Bob Martin's Tasteless Condition Powders.

The 6d. packet contains nine powders; the shilling Packet 18 — from dog biscuit shops, chemists and big stores.

Since 1892 the world's dog remedy.

BOB MARTIN'S TASTELESS CONDITION POWDERS

THE DREAD OF PAIN AFTER EATING.

Perhaps even worse than digestive pain itself is the anticipation of it; the knowledge that if you eat certain dishes (always those you like best) pain will surely follow. This feeling is as unnecessary as the pain itself, because you can prevent all possibility of digestive trouble, or if pain has already started, you can relieve it instantly by taking half a teaspoonful of 'Bisurated' Magnesia or two or three tablets in water after meals. This removes the cause of the disorder by neutralising the excess stomach acid which must be present if pain follows eating. You can get 'Bisurated' Magnesia from any chemist for 1s. 3d.; it is the sure, safe and speedy remedy used the world over for completely banishing digestive disorders.

Brighten your smile

Beech-Nut

Chewing Sweets

B.B.57.

"First looked on life in the circus. His father and mother, trapeze artists, nursed a great ambition for him"

A Gladiator WITH THE Gloves

JUDGES of boxing the world over are almost unanimous in saying that Lawrence (Young) Stribling, the American, will wrest from Max Schmeling, the German, on July 3 the heavy-weight championship of the world.

But no such anticipatory thrill runs round the world as when schoolboys mortgaged their term's pocket-money to back Jeffreys to beat Johnson or to say in precious pence that Dempsey, the killer, would crash down the giant cowboy Willard.

What's wrong with the match? A bad patch in the ranks of the big fighters it may be; but there is more in it than that.

Schmeling is practically an unknown, who won the title on a foul by Sharkey. In fame—though not in strength of body—the modest, decent young German is overshadowed by the more romantic Stribling — the "Georgia Peach," the "Giant-killer," the circus-boy of a thousand sham fights and a couple of hundred hard glove-battles.

For Stribling first looked upon life through a child's eyes amid the tights and spangles, the trapeze-ropes and the tent-flaps of the circus.

His father and mother were trapeze artists "on the road." In the long caravan journeys the two parents battled long over the father's fixed ambition for the baby boy.

Cradle dreams

He was to be nurtured solely with the aim of becoming boxing champion of the world, said the father.

Mother dreamed of her son as a cultured man, but father bore down her yearnings with stories of Gentleman Jim Corbett and the macaronies of another day. Boxer and gentleman, too, he said.

So for a while we see Stribling and his little brother Herbert standing in the sawdust, collecting the coppers while mother and father, up in the roof of the tent, fling through the air from trapeze to bar and back, daring death at every toss.

The fistic education began almost as soon as Stribling could toddle, and with it all the physical training that a father gymnast could give.

Jump on until you see Stribling at the age of seven, still in the circus-ring, but now in boxing kit, slashing, blocking and side-stepping brother Herbert—two years younger—in a semi-comic exhibition bout.

Stribling is already a clever boy boxer, but the public must see the baby fighter win. A flurry and a mighty swing — the flapping glove flashes over and Stribling is "out."

With the circus working from Macon, Georgia, as a centre, Stribling was sent to school—and what a schooling he had!

Father decided he was ready to fight "prelims"—the four-round affairs that keep boxing fans amused until the big shots come on Many times he had to play the wag from school to fight fifty miles away.

But at sixteen, in his first year of serious fighting, he won twenty-five battles, seven of which were by the knock-out.

Necktie party

He went on and on, but there are thousands of battlers in the United States. He must outdo them all to get that still visionary crown. And nobody knew him until——

Do you remember Mike McTigue decoying Battling Siki, the French (Senegalese) negro, into fighting him on St. Patrick's Day, of all days for a negro to fight an Irishman, and in Dublin?

The contest took place amid the rattle of machine-gun fire outside, and there were guns enough round the ring to have riddled the negro if things didn't go the right way.

McTigue took the verdict on points, and with it the world's cruiser title.

A promoter in Columbus, Georgia, offered Mike a big purse to go down and fight Stribling, and Mike, who had never heard of the youngster, and regarded him as a one-round pushover, contemptuously accepted it.

But he took a referee south, just to guard against accidents.

When Mike got to Georgia he began to hear things he didn't like, and he and his manager decided it would be safer to get back to New York at once.

And then McTigue was made to swallow some of his own medicine. He had forgotten he was fighting a native son in the Southern States, which is four degrees worse than fighting an Irishman in Dublin.

A deputation of "Southern gentlemen" came marching through Georgia, and called on Mike.

Politely they informed him that if the fight did not go on, both he and his manager were at once invited to a necktie party, just outside the hotel.

There was a convenient tree, as they pointed out, and a rope (produced) was in readiness.

Mike decided to fight, and the result changed Stribling's outlook. After altering his decision four times, the referee got away from the riot by calling it a draw.

And then the world woke up to Stribling.

The boy who had broken even with the cruiser champion was in demand all over the United States.

He tore Tex McEwan, a burly heavy-weight, to pieces, in Philadelphia, and that took him to Madison Square Garden, New York, the goal of his ambition.

He beat Mike Burke, Dave Rosenberg, Billy Shade and Vic McLaughlin. He fought nine times in six weeks.

The vision of the world heavy-weight championship seemed to be shining clearer when there came a set-back. He married Clara Virginia Kinney. They were very much in love—still are—but the parents on both sides did not approve.

In that worried state Stribling was beaten by Jimmie Slattery in Buffalo.

For a while Stribling took his vision back with him to the circus and the road, but it began to glow before him again. He flashed back into the ring, fought McTigue again and beat him triumphantly in a no-decision affair.

After this fortune swayed back and forth. There were two more set-backs. He barked his shins on Tommy Loughran and Sharkey. He had cornered Sharkey after a year's pursuit, when neuritis struck him within a week of that great battle.

In Paris, nursing hope and ambition back to life, he heard the trumpet fame of giant Carnera. There was no one to meet the colossus, the Ambling Alp.

Stribling jumped at Carnera as he would at Goliath or Giant Blunderbore. That is how he came to England.

The giant totters

Two tense and terrible fights—the comparative pigmy against the giant—and an even break.

He lost on a much-disputed foul in England and won on a foul by Carnera in Paris.

But they were both real fights. Not like that pitiful business when Stribling knocked out the man who is nominally heavy-weight champion of Britain.

Now he meets Schmeling for the world crown. Whether he wins or loses, he is a great trier, a man who has followed an ambition through dark valleys. He may not be a classic champion, but he is a great young man of our own breed.

FOR BUSY MOTHERS

GUIDE TO BABY'S HEALTH AND HAPPINESS

In spite of all that has been said about women's careers, still the biggest and most difficult job is running the home and bringing up those precious babies.

To be entirely responsible for that little life—to steer baby safely through all the worrying little ailments and past the big dangers—needs courage and knowledge, so that mother is grateful for anything that aids her difficult task.

Three generations have relied on Steedman's famous little red book "Hints to Mothers," which is a most practical and concise guide to baby's health and well-being. Small enough to tuck into baby's basket—arranged alphabetically for easy reference—it deals with every disorder of childhood, telling how to treat the small ailments and what to do while awaiting the doctor in cases of accident or serious illness.

Everybody knows Steedman's Powders are the safest aperient for youngsters, from teething time until fourteen years. Made especially for little systems, they encourage healthy regularity, banishing feverishness, and keeping the blood clean and cool. "Hints to Mothers" is well worth having. Write for free copy, mentioning "John Bull," to John Steedman and Co., 270h, Walworth Rd., London, S.E.17.

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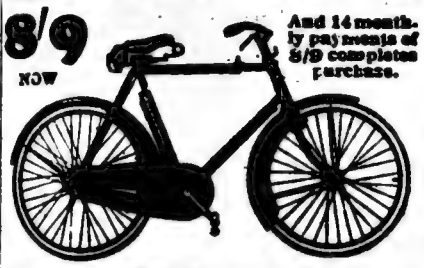

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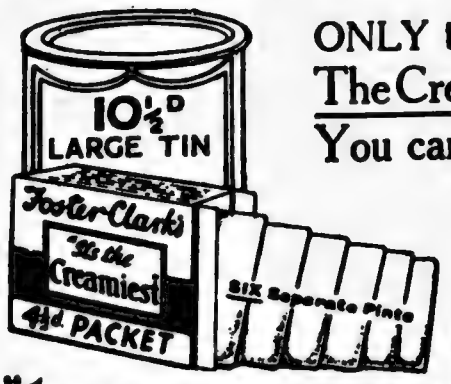

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Never cut a corn with a razor or a knife. Cutting increases the growth of corns as pruning promotes the growth of shrubs and trees. Cutting also hardens corns. Get rid of corns once and for all by means of Radox footbaths.

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FATHER MAKES TIN-OPENERS—AND BOTTLES UP DREAMS. HE'S

THE GADGET MAN

With his Head in the Clouds

I AM a married woman with three children. One, the girl, is confidently working for a scholarship, hoping to become a teacher; the two boys are studying hard for matriculation, expecting to proceed to college.

One wishes to be an aviator; the other, who all his life has been passionately fond of animals, is bent upon becoming a veterinary surgeon.

He is certain, through the influence of friends, to secure a post abroad as soon as he gains his degrees.

My trouble is that all these plans are in danger of being ruined by my husband's behaviour in regard to money matters.

You must understand that I am very happily married. My husband is a good man. We are even in love with one another to-day as we were seventeen years ago. I believe the children are as dear to him as they are to me.

But while I wish to be careful and saving, to safeguard their future by having ready a bit of cash whenever needed in their school career, he does not see it in that way.

My husband is of an extremely inventive turn of mind. He has a little workshop at the back of the house and here he spends his leisure hours.

He thinks out all sorts of ingenious gadgets, from fuel-saving devices to patent tin-openers, and I must say his talent is very versatile.

But whatever the particular invention of the moment, a model has to be made and no money must be spared in procuring the best possible materials to work with.

This lavish expenditure extends to tools. If a new kind of turning-lathe is needed, it is procured without counting the cost.

The same applies to alterations to the "workshop"—whatever strikes his fancy as an improvement to the place, workmen must be engaged and the alterations started upon at once.

The consequence is that as my husband's salary barely covers our present family needs, the little nest-egg we regard as the "children's fund" is always being drawn upon for something which is sure to make our fortune, but which never does.

So the chance of college for the children is receding into the land of dreams while their father wastes his capital upon hopes of fortune never likely to be realised.

Is there anything I can do to mend matters without coming into open rupture with my husband?

"HUMANIST" says: If your sons are under a headmaster wise enough to point out to your husband the solid advantages of their education being carried forward, ask him to do so.

His opinion would be valuable and might result in your being made keeper of the educational fund.

At the same time, show your husband that you are willing to make some personal sacrifice in order to help him to continue his own hobby less selfishly. He will appreciate your sincerity and generosity, and will certainly cut his expenses.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

HERE you read some tough problems of real life, and the solutions that "HUMANIST" proposes for them. One day you, too, will be up against a difficulty which you cannot face alone. "HUMANIST" will deal with it through the post. Send a stamped, addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.

CRIPPLE'S DESPAIR

"The last door of hope is closed"

WHEN I was a baby of eighteen months old, I was being nursed by a young girl in her teens. She let me fall from her arms, and serious injury was caused to my back. Spinal paralysis developed, which has left me a crippled invalid for life. I can just drag about slowly on crutches.

We live at the coast. My father is a poor labourer; my mother, a good woman, is a member of the "Sunshine Hour" at the church. Both she and my father have tried to brighten my life.

But I am sensitively aware that for twenty-eight years I have never been anything but a burden to them.

With my brother, a few years younger, it was different. The moment he left school he began to help. This help became more and more necessary as father began to show signs of age.

Then, in the spring of this year, when my brother was dredging for coal near the dock-head, he slipped and fell into the water.

He was quite accustomed to this work and he could swim, but we afterwards found that, in addition to the heavy dredge weighing him down, he had knocked his head and been stunned.

When I realised that he was drowning, I would have gone in after him and thus have rid my parents of a burden, but those standing by held me back, and he was drowned.

His fellow-scholars at the Sunday-school and all the church members, from the clergy down, gathered to give us what comfort and consolation they could.

But nothing they could say lifted from my heart the bitterness of knowing that the son who helped my parents had been taken, and I, a helpless burden, left.

If I had a little capital, I would start a second-hand shop, such as seafaring men patronise in a port, but, through my desperate poverty, even that little door of hope is closed.

"HUMANIST" says: Your ambition to help your parents is a worthy one and should not prove impossible. Instead of futile sorrow over your tragedy, set to work and make your ambition known among your fellow-worshippers.

I do not doubt that, if you are content to start in a very small way, from the church and the town in general enough stock of second-hand goods may be obtained to open a shop.

THE TYRANT

stepson

SOME years ago I married a widow with one child, a boy. It has been a very happy union, more so because her first husband was a friend of mine, and I could cordially agree that his was a fine character.

Although my wife tries hard not to show favouritism, I have always felt instinctively that she adores this eldest boy. Our own two boys have her love, but—I know.

I interested myself to obtain for my stepson a good post in the firm where I am manager, and this was the beginning of trouble. The boy has turned out to be a waster, and, worst of all, a thief.

I have covered his thefts on more than one occasion. I have reasoned with him, pleaded and threatened, but all in vain.

He has simply taken advantage of my position to go deeper into the mire. He has now robbed the firm of £320.

I can once again hide the matter, but only by mortgaging the house in which I live. I would make even this sacrifice for my poor wife's sake, but should I be justified?

If I embarrass myself to this extent my own two boys will suffer, for almost certainly I shall not be able to let them go to college.

"HUMANIST" says: You are injuring your stepson and placing your own position in jeopardy by covering his thefts. The firm, and your wife also, must be informed of his character.

If possible, try to get him the chance to make restitution, and give strict oversight to ensure that he pays back by weekly instalments from his salary.

"The Greatest of These—" Fund

POOR HUMANITY'S Disasters

THE writer, Horace Thorogood, recently wrote, in a descriptive article, of a visit to the out-patients' department of the London Hospital:

"The adults sat very thoughtful, very still, scarcely stirring. These were people to whom illness means far-reaching disaster, so they had plenty to think about—how to pay the rent; who was to look after 'them'; the job that was in danger; the insurance man who would call on Monday; the new boots that young Ernie wanted so badly."

The letters that pour like a mighty flood into the "Greatest of These ——" Fund and the stream of applicants who call reveal poor humanity up against precisely these and worse disasters.

Here is a letter taken at random from one morning's post:

"My husband was admitted to hospital last Friday, and I think he is going to have an operation. I have no means of paying my rent, which is 10s., while my husband is away, and I have also got a little girl of four years to support.

"My husband is only a general dealer by trade, but he has always managed to support us, but owing to bad trade he hasn't been able to put anything by. I know he is worrying how we are getting along."

And here is the story of an ex-Service man just interviewed. He was a stoker in the Navy for twelve years, and has been out of work for eighteen months.

He has a wife and three children, the eldest being eleven years and the youngest sixteen months. He has pawned his wife's wedding-ring and his overcoat, etc., to pay their rent of 16s. 1d.

His children, he says, are not properly nourished, and adds: "My wife begs me to take and eat a piece of bread before I go out in the morning, but I can't because the kiddies need it."

And because he was weak for the want of a few good meals, he broke down, though he tried not to do so.

So we need a constant stream of donations from our warm-hearted readers to enable us to meet this constant tide of human needs.

Please address your donations to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Where names and addresses are given, acknowledgments will be sent by post.

Thank you, "Maidstone," for £5, safely to hand.

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I little thought when I joined our Savings Association fifteen years ago just how much it would mean to me later on. Now, these books of Savings Certificates show that I have got a nice round sum—and that's a great comfort to me at my time of life. I hardly missed the small amount I put away each week, and I've always known that my money was safe.

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The only correct solution in the above contest was received from :—

L. M. Truscott, 25, Beechcroft Road, Plymouth,

to whom, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £1,000 will be despatched.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a correct solution must demand a Scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, July 7, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and P.O. number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny," and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £50 to Runners-up. This prize will be divided between the following 13 competitors, who submitted solutions containing one error only, and will each receive £3 17s. 0d. :—

Buckingham, W., 17, Oxendon St., Leicester; Clay, Mrs. H., Mount Pleasant, Blidworth, Notts; Cocking, Mrs. H., "Oakerne," Allandale Rd., Romford, Essex; Cook, G. F., The Convent Cottage, Central Hill, Upper Norwood, S.E.; Dean, F. P., 28, Alexandra Rd., Leeds; Dutch, W., 49, Taylor's Lane, Dundee; Fordham, J. T., 173, Glenarm Rd., Clapton, E.5; Hill, Mrs. D., 14, Green Place, Underciffe, Bradford; Millington, Mrs. C., 30, Ross St., Widnes; Parry, Mrs. J., 378, Warrington Rd., Spring View, Lower Ince, Wigan; Powell, W. J., 12, Parrot Row, Blaina, Mon.; Wilkins, A., Tanglewood House, Boar's Hill, Oxford; Woodall, Miss R. G., 223, Stornoway Rd., Southchurch, Essex.

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Another £1,100 Cross-word appears on Page 32. Try Your Skill Now!

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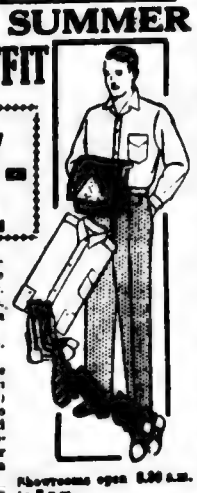

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CIGARETTE PAPERS

The Church's Ban on Divorce: IS IT FAIR?

THE Church's attitude towards divorce is the only bulwark we have against the growing tendency of loose living and easy virtue, which does so much to undermine the sanctity of marriage.

Make divorce more difficult, and you will make married couples more tolerant of each other's failings.

"Love, honour and obey" are the fundamental principles of the teachings of the Church.

They are also the basis of the fundamentals of marriage; therefore, the Church's ban on divorce is not only fair, but logical and consistent with the essentials of her very existence.—*Ll., Penygraig.*

Above the Law

The Church insists on a lofty standard in the matter of divorce, because civilisation depends upon home-life, and home-life rests on the sanctity of the marriage vow.

However, the Founder of Christianity set the well-being of humanity above all law, and He would never desire that any words of His should be hung as a millstone round the necks of poor, struggling men and women.

Thus the Church is going farther than its Founder, Who would not condemn those wedded to habitual criminals, libertines, dipsomaniacs and degenerates to an existence of ostracism and misery.—*Observer, Wrexham.*

Binding

The Church says, "Marriage is a contract, and like any contract must be governed by laws. Observe our laws, because experience proves them to be the best."

When criminals break civil laws, we do not seek to reform the laws, but the law breakers.

Millions of happy marriages show that the Church's laws are fundamentally sound, and the Church is right in refusing to dissolve the comparatively few marriages where couples have violated its laws.—*Cymro, Salisbury.*

No Second Chance

Though I be a liar or a thief, the Church will bless my wedding. The Church ceremonial and all that it implies is mine for the asking.

But let me make one mistake in marriage and I am cast out.

No second chance is allowed; no woman, however good, may call God's blessing on her efforts to keep me straight. My second venture must go unblessed.—*W. Fennell, Lewisham, S.E.*

Out of Date

All honour to the Church in the stand it is taking.

If divorce is to be made easier the sacred rites of marriage will soon be regarded as a light-hearted social ceremony—a responsibility to be taken up and dropped at the convenience of the parties.

Already there are people who have been through the Divorce Court two or three times, which seems to suggest that marriage is now regarded as little more than "an old-fashioned custom."—*C. S., London, N.*

Fighting Chance

The Church's ban on divorce is scrupulously fair — to Christianity and morality. It gives these long-neglected elements a fighting chance of reviving the sanctity of matrimony.

When couples realise that divorce and remarriage will cease to be the picnic they were, they will not be so eager to rush into "trial" marriages.

The ban is a step in the right direction—away from the sickeningly loose laws that have prevailed, and which tend to make marriage a half-brother to that hideous American offspring, the "companionate."—*A. E. McKeswick, Newcastle.*

Cruel Contract

I am married to a drunken wife, the worst calamity that can befall a man of quiet habits.

Friends gone, home miserable, children taunted in the street, what does life hold for us?

Yet the Church says that I must continue to suffer because marriage is a life contract.

What justification can there be in making us live together in unhappiness merely because the Church cannot bring its teaching in line with modern ideals of justice?—*G., Yorks.*

Matured

Newly-weds are usually filled with a passionate love, which gradually fades, to be later replaced, if they are patient with each other, by a deeper and more lasting spiritual communion.

During the transition period each partner wonders if he or she would have been happier with some other lover.

Many would hasten to the Divorce Court during this difficult time if the Church made divorce easier, and thus miss the deeper joy of the more mature comradeship which comes through sharing joys and sorrows.—*S. E. R., Dorset.*

Driven Away

My wife divorced her first husband several years before I met her. I knew that she was well rid of a cad to whom marriage vows meant nothing.

We approached the vicar when the time came for us to be married, and he told me that he knew the whole facts of my wife's previous trouble, and much as he would have liked to perform the ceremony the Church would not allow it.

The outcome was that we were married at the Congregational church, a place we had never previously attended.—*A. W. S., Bucks.*

Gross Parody

The Church teaches that marriage is an inward union of heart and mind, as well as the merging of two physical beings into one.

It is only logical, therefore, to assume that when the "inward union of heart and mind" is made impossible by any combination of circumstances, the marriage is, to all intents and purposes, abrogated.

Still further to torture mind and heart is not only a crime upon the two concerned, but a gross caricature of the Divine intention of marriage.—*Minister, Eastleigh, Hants.*

Love Flown

"Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." Yet would a God of Love allow two of His creatures to continue a lifelong bondage, when love forms no part of their union?

Marriage ceases to be sacred the moment love leaves it. Love sanctifies marriage, and not, as the Church maintains, marriage sanctifies love.

In its ban on divorce, the Church compels thousands of couples to live a life of sin, when love, the sanctifying element, has vanished.—*John J. Thomas, Llanelly.*

Widening Circle

"For better, for worse," says the Marriage Service, and, unless the contracting parties are willing to abide by this solemn pledge, they have no right to get married at all.

Many people wish lunacy and chronic drunkenness to be made grounds for divorce; but, if so, soon would come the demand that permanent illness and disablement of all sorts should be added, and then probably bankruptcy.

Let all possible care be taken before the marriage takes place, but once it is an accomplished fact, the Church is right in insisting that the parties should meet their obligations.—*H. Lea, Sussex.*

Double Wreck

A couple living unhappily together make only a mockery of marriage, ruin their own moral characters, and become harmful in their influence on others.

Their life is not clean and pure, because it is tainted with animosity, a feeling which grows rather than lessens.

When one partner loves an outsider things are worse, and two homes are liable to be wrecked, unless divorce is possible.

If divorce were accepted by the Church in a broad spirit, the Church could be made helpful, and probably mitigate the suffering from unhappy unions.—*E. N., Bedford.*

* * *

What is the Church for, if not to lead in morals? Who else will?—*J. H., Lancs.*

If the Church maintains its present attitude fewer people will seek its blessing at the outset.—*E. B. B., Cantab.*

The ban puts a check on the irresponsibles, who would like to exchange matrimonial partners in the same way as dance partners.—*W. H., Newcastle*

It's up to the Church to help those in difficulties. So why ban divorce, which is often the only way out?—*W. T., London.*

The Founder of the Christian faith preached tolerance. It is a precept that His followers should bear in mind.—*Student, Radcliffe.*

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, June 30.

The Rising Generation: My View

Race with "Silver Ring"

Follow these Losers!

FOLLOWING the result of the Derby, an anonymous reader in the Midlands sent me an abusive letter concerning the Code selections. I should like to draw his attention to the following:

Shipbourne, 9 to 4; Sunset II, 7 to 2; Ghost Train, 4 to 5; Hill Cat, 100 to 30; Anna, 11 to 8; Lucky Sarah, 11 to 8; Bachelor's Date, 7 to 4.

These seven recent winners came from twelve consecutive selections sent out. Of the other five, three were placed, and one did not run.

I do not believe in Ascot form as a guide to future runners, as the collar work necessitated by the track is so severe that robust horses often score over their lighter-framed rivals.

However, I picked but three which are almost certain to pop up in the near future.

The first for your notebooks is Whincover, third to Pomme d'Api in the Gold Vase. Whincover was the unlucky horse of the race, and is a fine, natural stayer.

Blue Vision, second in the "Stakes," also appeared to travel as if stamina was his strong suit. On a good galloping course, such as Newbury, he should never be missed.

The third I noted particularly was Wyvern, fourth in the Chesham Stakes.

My Saturday "double" for Sandown is Knight of Lorn and Tabennite.

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, June 25, to Wednesday, July 1.

B X O R F E J L S W T A N G Q K

P O V Z I H U M D Y 73 74 75 76 78 79

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

M74Z79F7576 would read LARKING.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. Example:

L74D274F would read MASSAI.

"SILVER RING."

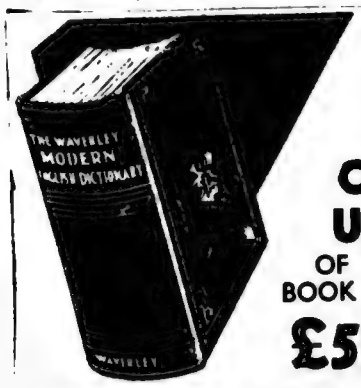
Take Pleasure in Accepting

PLAYER'S

THE *FULL VALUE* CIGARETTE

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT. REGISTERED TRADE MARK

N.C.C. 40



ONE USER OF THIS BOOK WON £500

AND MANY OTHERS HAVE ALSO BEEN SUCCESSFUL

Yet it is yours **FREE** *for four days*

You may examine this book Free for four days without the slightest obligation to purchase.

THE WAVERLEY MODERN ENGLISH DICTIONARY

is the greatest help to Crossword enthusiasts and contains words that no other dictionary at so reasonable a price contains.

FILL IN THE FORM BELOW and secure this wonderful aid to WINNING CROSSWORD PRIZES.

FREE EXAMINATION FORM.

The WAVERLEY BOOK COMPANY, LTD., 96-97, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

Please send the Waverley Dictionary for me to examine for four days FREE of all obligation. I may return the book on the 5th day and end the matter, or I may keep it and send you 2 6 in 5 days, with 6 further consecutive monthly instalments of 4/- each and a final payment of 3 6, or I may pay cash on the 5th day, 28 6.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Occupation.....

State if householder..... J.B.1./31

Parent's signature required if under 21.

GUARD YOUR HEALTH

TAKE **CONSTIPON**

Nature's Original Laxative

IDEAL FOR CHILDREN.

Sold by all Chemists.

TABLETS 3d., 6d. and 1/- per box

HAY FEVER

GET Instant Relief from Hay Fever with Nostroline Nasal Specific. Oh, the lasting comfort! Soothing and pleasant, 1/3 all chemists.

Free sample on request: "Nostroline," J.35, Clifton, Bristol.

NOSTROLINE

Pain after Eating

ACIDITY, GASTRITIS, & INDIGESTION DISAPPEAR LIKE MAGIC.

Thousands of sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastric Catarrh, Wind or Flatulence, Fullness after Meals, and all forms of acid indigestion have been cured by the SHADFORTH ACIDITY PRESCRIPTION No. 1077.

This prescription is non-purgative. You feel easier in five minutes. Note the steady improvement; clean tongue; moist mouth and throat; flatulence vanished; long, sour face replaced by such broad, sweet smiles that your friends marvel at the magic change.

Prices 1/4 (72), 2/6 (144), 7/- (432 tablets).

Privately packed and post free at these prices from

Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.,

(Dept. J.B. 108), 49, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4.

Boots, Taylors, Timothy White's and all best chemists either hold stock or gladly obtain to order at a few days' notice if requested to do so.

"JOHN BULL'S" HUGE X-WORD FIRST!

AN EXTRA £100 FOR RUNNERS UP

£1,000

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

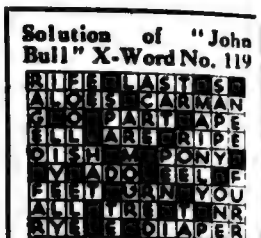
Easy to Enter

THE huge prize of **£1,000** is waiting to be won in "John Bull's" great Crossword Contest. It is a "must-be-won" prize, and in addition £100 is offered for runners-up. You must not miss this opportunity of winning a four-figure fortune, a few of your spare moments—and a little skill—the prize may be yours. Don't hesitate—enter for this square and fair contest NOW

"JOHN BULL" will pay £1,000 for a correct solution, on one form, of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors whose solutions contain one error only or only one error more than the winning solution. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale on Thursday, July 9, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, July 16.

Winners in X-Word No. 118 appear on page 29.

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 119



Result will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 119 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete puzzle in ORDINARY INK, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil; cut out the whole Entry Form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry Fee for 1 double Entry Form is SIXPENCE—for 2 double Entry Forms send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it / & Co. /; write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in its number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, July 2nd.

2.—No competitor may submit more than two double Entry Forms. Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winners of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, July 16th. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the £1,000 prize, he must demand a Scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, July 28th, in accordance with directions given with result weekly. Any such Scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with additional award of £100 CASH. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it.

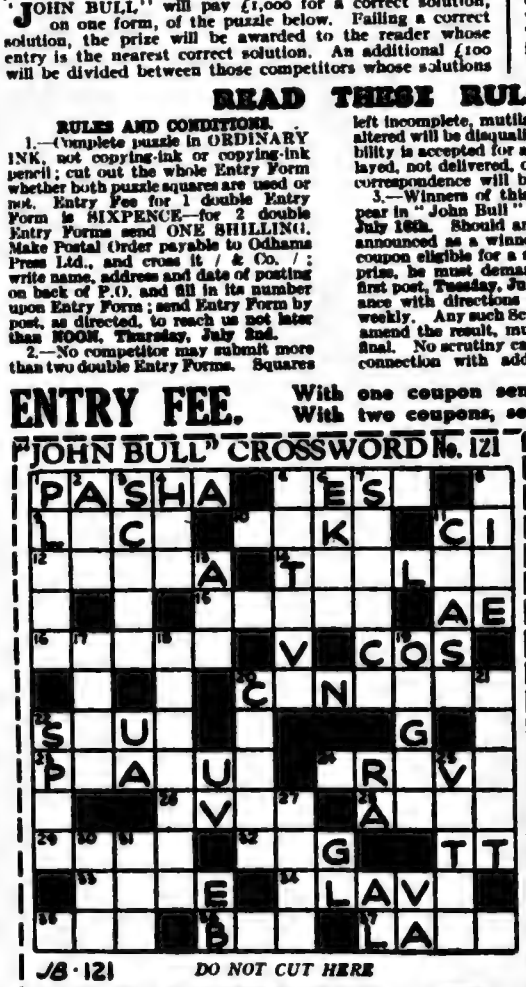
5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this Competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible.

ENTRY FEE. With one coupon send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With two coupons, send P.O. for ONE SHILLING. } See Rule 1.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 121



JB·121 DO NOT CUT HERE

JB·121

In entering this competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No.....

P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover One Double Entry Form, and Shilling P.O. to cover Two Double Entry Forms.

ENTRY FEE for 1 Coupon 6D.

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

CLOSING DATE THURSDAY, JULY 2nd

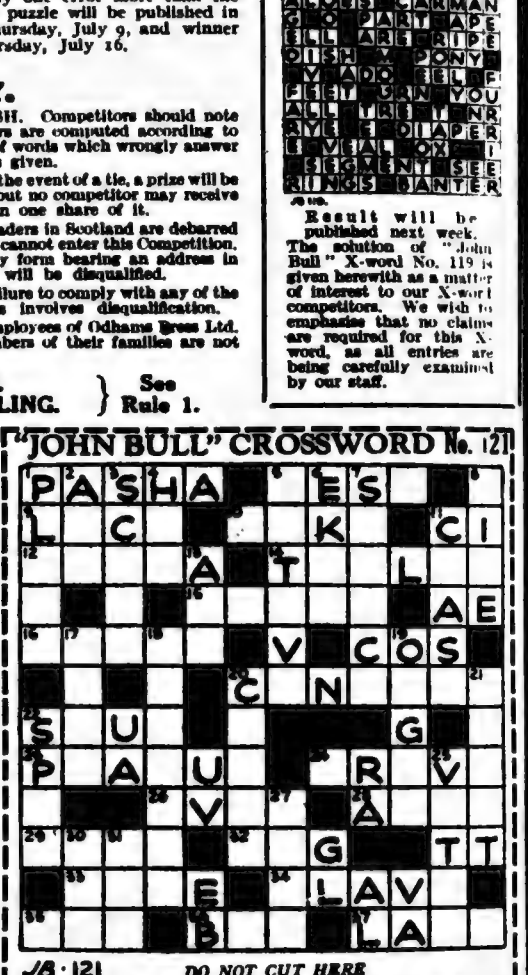
CLUES ACROSS.

1. Turkish title.
5. Where some birds make their home.
9. Obnoxious vermin.
10. Seen at ship's stern.
12. Pleasant odour.
14. One who tells.
15. He's taught to do this in dancing.
16. Native of Sweden
20. Middles.
22. Slimy garden pest.
23. Pestilence.
24. Describes bridegroom's appearance.
26. Always.
28. Immediately.
29. Close to.
32. Small barrel.
33. Go up.
34. One who drudges.
35. This may damage your car.
36. Many get stumped when they do this.
37. Your first love may be this.

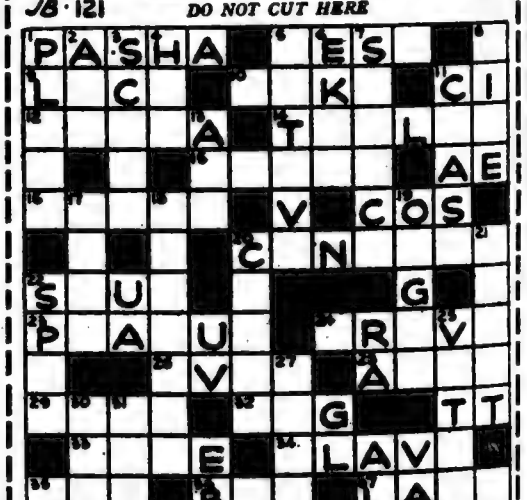
CLUES DOWN.

1. Displayed at ticket agent's office.
2. Atmosphere.
3. Clever fielders restrict the batsman's.
4. Sewn border of cloth.
5. Means a negro in Africa.
6. Extended.
7. Choose.
8. Part of a cycle wheel.
11. Stop.
13. Number of years.
17. Usually built with bricks.
18. These make holes
19. Provides church's music
20. Caddie sometimes gives golfer.
21. Hounds often get this during run.
22. Too hot a pace may shorten yours.
25. Candidates seek these at election.
27. Repose.
30. An age.
31. As 2 down.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 121



JB·121 DO NOT CUT HERE



JB·121

In entering this competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No.....

P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover One Double Entry Form, and Shilling P.O. to cover Two Double Entry Forms.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Coupons 1/-

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

CLOSING DATE THURSDAY, JULY 2nd

If entering two coupons, cut them out separately—add name and address to both.

HOW TO ADDRESS ENTRY

Send Entry in envelope bearing 1½d. stamp and post to "John Bull" Crosswords (No. 121), 37, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Write to "John Bull" About It!

The Editor REPLIES

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service, who will deal with any matter causing anxiety to our readers. Simply send a stamped, addressed envelope with your query.

F. R. (Manchester).—"I intend going abroad for good." Whose?

J. L. (Hulme).—"I attended a dance on roller-skates." Did you sit it out?

ARTIST (Raynes Park).—"Even vermin may be beautiful." Rats!

S. N. (Totnes).—"Are second-hand cars all right?" Oh, yes. As far as they go.

C. W. (Rugby).—"New wave-lengths have reduced howling and whistling." But not talking, unfortunately.

INVENTOR (Byker).—"Either brains or money are needed for making money." We hope, for your sake, you are rich.

G. D. (Bude).—"I was turned off the tennis-court because my shoes had not rubber soles." Foot-faults.

T. R. (Jarrow).—"What makes some people write such rubbish?" You should know.

C. M. (Ascot).—"A famous brewer is flying to South Africa." By a series of hops?

D. B. (Wivenhoe).—"There is a movement among picnic clubs . . ." Yes, we know those ant-hills.

F. L. (Frome).—"I always admit my faults." So you've got a whole-time job?

F. D. (Clapham).—"Bachelors are more truthful than married men." That's only because they don't have to answer so many embarrassing questions.

B. T. (Hastings).—"When a woman dominates an institution she always ruins it." Man, of course, may be regarded as an institution.

RANCHER (Manitoba).—"My nearest neighbour is forty miles away." Then you can really call your lawn-mower your own.

F. Y. (Bagshot)—"What could make a man get up quicker than the sun streaming through his window?" Rain streaming through the roof!

E. T. (Leicester Square).—"There was much to be said for the silent film." Whilst the talkies say it for themselves.

S. B. (Perth).—"It takes a man longer to settle down after a holiday than it does a woman." Surely you mean "up," not "down"?

S. N. (Penge).—"A Parisian was fined for kissing his wife in a taxi." It seems very unfair that a man should be punished for mere absent-mindedness.

D. J. (Maidenhead).—"I smoked a cigar while waiting in your waiting-room." We know. The paint of the ceiling is blistered.

P. G. (Cardiff).—"A quarter of the world's gold goes to dentists." After receiving our last dentist's bill, we are not surprised to hear it.

W. F. (Hove).—"My wife is jealous because I have a former girl friend's name tattooed on my arm." Tell her that the affection was only skin deep.

A. J. (Swindon).—"My car was skimming along like a bird, when, suddenly, I hit another vehicle." You must have been in the clouds yourself.

L. A. (Esher).—"I am able to tell the contents of letters without opening the envelopes." So can we if they have O.H.M.S. on them.

MRS. S. (Slough).—"If a dish of water is placed in the oven, cakes will not burn." What a pity King Alfred didn't know this!

MAUD (Sutton).—"My parents are giving me an allowance large enough to enable me to save up and take cooking lessons." Rolling-pin money.

A. N. (Clapham).—"The piano will never disappear from small suburban houses." Well, there must be something on which to stand photographs.

R. M. (Brixton).—"Some theatres would be better without music between the acts." And others would be better without music between the intervals.

T. E. (Cheapside).—"There is some talk of sending meals by post." Hash on delivery!

S. L. (Dundee).—"Boys will always be boys." On the contrary, they will soon be men.

P. L. (St. Albans).—"There never was a woman who looked better wearing spectacles." Still, they can see better.

H. Y. (Ipswich).—"I mean to win a name for myself as an air pilot." Well, there's plenty of room at the top.

T. G. (Malpas).—"My work as a poet is a drug on the market." Go in for chemistry.

D. K. (Croydon).—"The play's the thing." Not if two women start talking about new clothes in the middle of a game of bridge.

N. C. (Swanage).—"Everybody likes to see birds on the window-sill." Unless some seeds have just been planted in the window-box.

B. T. (Woodbridge).—"During a recent local amateur concert the chief vocalist disappeared." People usually complain that they don't.

J. A. (Canterbury).—"I can't understand why some women smoke so many cigarettes." Anything from a rattle for the baby to cutlery.

W. H. (Newark).—"The present trade depression would soon end if the men with confidence had more money." And the men with money more confidence.

S. H. R. (Wembley).—"Some seaside towns prohibit everything where holiday-makers are concerned." Except bathing costumes.

G. K. H. (Barking).—"I admit that my wife is master in my house, but I always have the last word." Presumably you say "All right, dear."

VOCALIST (Wisbech).—"Experience proves that single people are the best singers." They certainly have more control over their notes.

A. R. (Smethwick).—"A certain well-known circus artist can walk barefoot over nails and broken glass." We understand that sea-bathing holds no terrors for him.

S. D. (Denny).—"Estate-agents make plenty of money." They certainly handle lots.

D. S. (Swindon).—"I consider slimming systems are ridiculous." They have many stout adherents, all the same.

R. P. (Bury).—"May I come and see you before the month is out?" Yes, but not before we are out.

T. E. (Croydon).—"I fear that I shall soon lose my reasoning power." Don't let a little thing like that worry you.

N. S. (Southampton).—"How can I get into Fleet Street?" Train to Waterloo and then 'bus.

SILAS K. (Strand, London).—"Is there anything quite like your summer?" Our winter.

J. J. P. (Falkirk).—"Give me a glass of wine, and I can face anyone." With you, apparently, half a bottle is half the battle.

D. N. (Folkestone).—"The doctor says I must try a change of climate." Then stay where you are—the English climate is always changing.

P. T. (Warwick).—"I dreamed I won a thousand pounds in one of your competitions." Under the circumstances, you may keep it.

DOCTOR (Brighton).—"It has been estimated that babies in their first year are awake for four thousand hours." Now, who would be a father?

J. M. (Bury).—"A friend of mine stays on the Riviera during our rainy season." So he hasn't been home for years!

TED (Plymouth).—"Restaurant waiters have to walk over fifteen miles every day." Still, there's no reason why they should go and do it during the luncheon hour.

SCIENTIST (Manchester).—"There is no limit to the distance the human eye can see." Yet very few post-office girls seem to notice us at even a few yards' range.

G. C. C. (Leicester).—"Many a time my wife has told me to go to a warm place." Send in a good *Bullet* this week and take her with you. The Riviera will be ideal with that record prize on page 35 in your pocket.

S. D. T. (London, S.E.).—"I recently arrived in England, and would like your advice regarding the best weekly periodical I ought to take regularly." Modesty prompts us to leave you to guess.

JOCK (Queensferry).—"It's a bad sign that thousands of Scots go to London on day excursions." But it's a far worse sign that the majority never use the return half.

C. P. (Manchester).—"A man threw bricks at a piano while it was being removed from a Manchester house recently." This seems rather hard. After all, they were taking it away.

R. L. (Clapham).—"There are many uses for the telephone which are not generally known. For instance, you can, by arrangement, use it as an alarm clock." And, with a little luck, it can be used as a telephone.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

SIDE-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. In the event of the same "Slip" being sent by more than one reader, the award is paid to sender of the first letter opened. Mark envelopes "Slips."

ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE REPORTER:—"She is survived by two BOTHERS and one sister."

EVENING TIMES AND ECHO:—"The league officers from president to hon. secretary were all REJECTED with thanks for services rendered."

"AIR STORIES":—"His lips were compressed into narrow slits, through which the GLOWING EYES showed."

THE BANBURY ADVERTISER:—"Young and old caught the spirit of approaching summer and GAMBLED on the hill-side like lambs."

BRITISH BAKER:—"—— proposed to put up a PLAGUE to an Elgin man."

EDINBURGH EVENING DISPATCH:—"The colt was being specially trained for the Ascot GOLF Cup."

EVENING WORLD:—"Experiments in extracting COAL FROM OIL are being made."

DAILY DESPATCH:—"His room was filled with gas, which was escaping from a PET near the fireplace."

THE BULLETIN:—"He pleaded he did it for the sake of wife and KITTIES."

GLASGOW EVENING TIMES:—"Seventeen children were crowded into this kitchen school and four of the smaller PULPITS waited in a corner."

SPORTS GAZETTE:—"These games must be played on or before June 18, wickets PATCHED at 6 o'clock p.m."

DERBY DAILY EXPRESS:—"The balloonists reached a LATITUDE of 52,500 feet."

NORTHERN DAILY TELEGRAPH:—"She caught one of the men by the back of HER costume and the other she held by the hair."

...JUST BEFORE YOU MEET HIM.

Powder and Cream at the same time

POWDER CREAM MIRROR ALL IN ONE 1/-

Give yourself that little touch of Potter & Moore's Powder Cream that makes you so irresistible. It *clings perfectly without clogging* and maintains its lovely finish throughout the evening. The dainty handbag Jar is the sweetest ever, and the sparkling bijou mirror is delightfully handy. In all shades from Chemists, Coiffeurs and Stores.

Potter & Moore's MITCHAM LAVENDER POWDER CREAM

Bill was telling me that those

LYBRO EASY FIT OVERALLS

are the goods—and he's not the only one. Can't be all a yarn you know—I think I'll try Lybro myself. No harm in trying eh?

Ask your outfitter for Lybro "Easy-fit" Overalls. In blue or brown. Notice the strong dungaree, double-stitched and treble-tacked; the six large pockets and the Red Button stamped "Lybro Brand"

Price 6/6

Jackets or Trousers 5/11
Boiler Suits 9/11

If unable to obtain write to Workwear Ltd., Mount Vernon, Liverpool, asking for name of nearest supplier.

CUT FOR COMFORT—MADE FOR WEAR

CVS.31.12

ABOUT THAT £3,000 "BULLETS" PRIZE

and that £50 Holiday Pension

LET

"EVERYBODY'S"

get your name into the prize lists

This huge **£3,000 "BULLETS"** prize will most likely be won by a reader of **EVERYBODY'S.** Why shouldn't that reader be you? Thousands of homes have been made happy because the prizewinners studied the columns of the oldest established and most reliable guide for competitors — **EVERYBODY'S.** In it you will find advice for whatever competitions you enter—Literary Contests, Picture Puzzles, and Crosswords are all dealt with by a staff of the country's chief experts. No competitor can do without **EVERYBODY'S.**

EVERYBODY'S is not only the finest guide for competitors—it is a weekly paper of absorbing interest to one and all. It contains short stories and articles by the most brilliant writers of the day. It is famous for its wit and humour. The artists employed by **EVERYBODY'S** are world famous. It gives you **FREE** medical advice by a famous London physician; **FREE** legal advice by well-known Law Court solicitors. All kinds of sport is dealt with, and, as all racing men know, **"DOWNSMAN," EVERYBODY'S** Turf Correspondent, holds the unchallenged record for giving big race winners. **EVERYBODY'S** is the most aptly named paper, because it contains something for everybody.

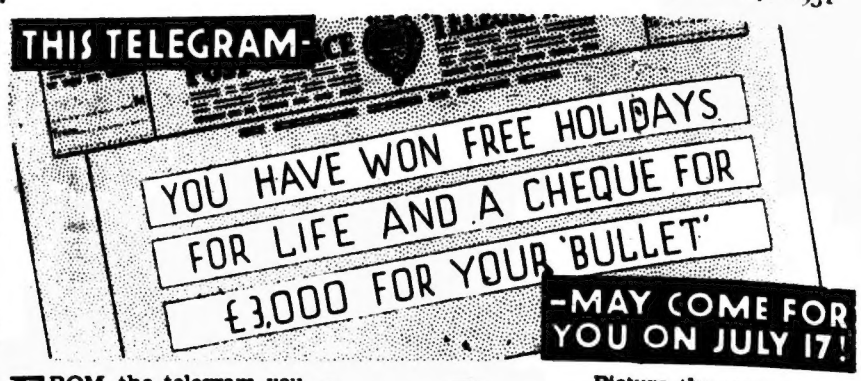
GO AND GET A COPY TO-DAY.

You will be surprised and delighted with it.

Everybody's

The Popular Weekly

AT ALL NEWSAGENTS AND BOOKSTALLS **2d.** **ON SALE NOW!**



FROM the telegram you see above there are two important omissions—there is neither the winning *Bullet* upon it nor the name and address of the successful competitor.

It is for you to remedy these omissions. You can supply those few well-chosen words we want quickly for the biggest of all Holiday Prizes—a £50 Holiday cheque paid every July as long as you live and a fortune of £3,000 as well!

If you are new to the competition, remember that time after time a *Bullets* First Prize has been carried off by a competitor who had never before secured a cash award.

If you are already entering regularly, let this last week of our Record Midsummer Contest be a week for a concentrated attack on this sensational prize which so soon is to be awarded to some "Bulleteer," bringing him blue skies for life.

Last Days

to win this

RECORD HOLIDAY PRIZE!

Picture the scene in your home on Friday, July 17, if one of your entries brings that First Prize telegram to you!

And remember this—that wire may also herald the coming of a £219 Motor-car. This will be your added bonus, presented with your prize if you are on our books by Saturday, July 4, for a supply of our free weekly *Bullets Bulletin.*

If you are not already a reader of this entertaining budget of *Bullets* assistance, the coupon below will bring you a copy every Thursday for weeks to come and make you eligible for the motor-car.

But, above all, see that you are eligible for Free Holidays for Life and £3,000. An entertaining half-hour this evening with the opposite page, some *Bullets* entered by July 4, and all your troubles may vanish before that magic telegram!

TEN BIG CHEQUES AWARDED THIS WEEK!

FIRST PRIZE OF £400, COMPETITION No. 807.

Mr. Alfred Allen, 44, Bransty Road, Whitehaven, Cumberland.
Example:—I NEED MONEY, BUT
Bullet:—*In* EXCHANGE—NOT *From.*

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

Mr. J. K. Collins, 36, Alan Road, Ipswich.
Example:—Thriving
Bullet:—Striving, Giving—*That's* Living.

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. L. J. Ketteringham, 10, Warramill Road, Godalming, Surrey.
Example:—Voice From The Gallery
Bullet:—"Tip" From The "Top."

FOURTH PRIZE OF £25:

Mrs. J. Thomson, 19d, Edward Street, Motherwell.
Example:—Hypocrisy
Bullet:—Giving Donation, Muttering "Damnation!"
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

FIFTH PRIZE OF £20:

Mr. S. H. Lamble, 14, Victoria Road, Teddington.
Example:—Buying A Ticket
Bullet:—To *And* "Daily Journey."

Other Prizes of:—

OTHER PRIZES:

£18.—T. M. Wyatt, 101, Pinner View, Harrow, Middx.
Running The Gauntlet—Winston—He'd Run Anything!

£16.—R. Nayland, 243a, Brixton Hill, Brixton, S.W.
On The Casualty List—Official—Idea "Struck" Him!

£14.—V. Baylis, 58, Norman Road, St. Leonards.
The First Three—Steps—"Look, Baby's Hiking!"

£12.—S. Humphreys, c/o Dispensing Dept., Essex County Hospital, Colchester.
Upsetting His Reckoning—Mrs. Einstein Called—"Dinner!"

£10.—C. Kenyon, 29, Cromwell Street, Burnley, Lancs.
Only Father — India's Attitude To Motherland.

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

E. ATTERBURY, London Road, Shardlow, Derby.
Screaming—Groaning, Then Giggling—Saxophone.

P. H. CLIPSTONE, 7, Mill Road, Oundle.
Doctors Say—But Fashion Won't "Listen."

J. A. FREAR, 18, Crown Lane, Chislehurst, Kent.
What She Meant—By "Reducing Expenses"—Slimming.

J. FREEMAN, 57, Eleanor Cross Road, Waltham Cross.
Running The Gauntlet—New Kid, Wearing Gloves.

J. M. FURLONG, Lower Cooting, Adisham, Canterbury.
Thriving—Monarchy—Key, Monarch.

R. GILMOUR, 75, Delafield Road, Charlton, London, S.E.
Wearily—Parson "Comforting" Self-satisfied Flock.

P. GOWER, 123, Elm Road, Kingston-on-Thames.
The First Three—Filled Boat—Fourth, *Emptied.*

Miss E. LABROW, 118, Jubilee Terrace, Rishton, Blackburn.
Thriving—*Strong,* Among Striving Throng.

D. TOBBINS, 132, Purber Road, St. George, Bristol.
The First Three—Excuses—Were Father's Best.

V. WARDLEWORTH, 477, Bury Old Road, Heaton Park, near Manchester.
For Pleasure—Hiker's Knapsack—Soldier Smiles!

A list of 25 £1 and 500 2s. 6d. prize-winners can be seen at these offices.

ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN POSTED.

The original cheque for £300 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 806 will be displayed in the window of Mr. J. Leach, 196, Eaves Lane, Chorley, Lancs.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judger in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

DON'T MISS YOUR CAR—USE THIS COUPON!

Scores of winners owe their success to "Bullets" Bulletin—your reservation by July 4 may mean a Motor-car for you!

I enclose P.O. value 6d. (crossed "and Co.," payable to "John Bull") for postage on 12 consecutive issues of "Bullets" Bulletin commencing with the next available issue.

Signed_____

Address_____

Post to:—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 19, SHORT'S GARDENS, LONDON, W.C.2

SKIN DISEASES

Marvellous Results of New Blood Treatment.

"Skin Soft as Velvet."

"I am pleased to tell you I am completely cured from that terrible disease, varicose eczema and psoriasis, from which I was suffering, and I can only thank Elasto for the wonderful and speedy cure. My legs now show no trace of the old trouble and my skin is as soft as velvet. I think Elasto is the safest and cleanest and best blood purifier in the world. . . ."

(Signed) Mr. E. J. BEAUCHAMP,
30, British Grove, Chiswick, W.4.

The New Elasto Treatment is bringing quick relief and permanent cure to thousands of sufferers from Eczema, Psoriasis, Dermatitis, Bad Legs, etc.

Send for Free Sample.

Elasto treatment is fully explained in a special booklet which we will gladly send, privately, post free, together with **Free Sample** and copies of recent testimonials. Write for these to-day. Now! Or send 5/- for a full month's treatment (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!

The NEW ERA TREATMENT COMPANY, Ltd.
(Dept. 18.E), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

A 15/- FREE GIFT COUPON

HERE is a chance to save shopkeepers' profits. Hundreds of Cycles of all kinds, many fitted with Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear and Dunlop tyres. Approval willingly, carriage paid. As an advertisement a

15/- Free Gift Coupon

will be given to all who Write for my FREE CATALOGUE.

Chas. T. Robey CYCLE WAREHOUSE, No. 24, COVENTRY

ASTONISHING FREE OFFER!

Of a Lady's or Gent's Raincoat, to any person forming "Ranor" 1/- weekly Clubs. This is in addition to our usual 30 - Commission, plus postage. Write for Catalogue and full particulars.

Form a CLUB To-day

Dept. J.B.,
RANOR STORES Ltd.
2 Park Place, Cheetham, MANCHESTER.

STOMACH TROUBLE

Mrs. MARTLAND, 110, Cameron Street Leigh, Lancs., writes:

"For years I have been a sufferer with my Stomach, for which I underwent two operations. I suffered agony night and day and wasted to a skeleton. I was recommended to give Vitadatio a trial and the change is really wonderful. I am putting on weight, can eat anything and life is a pleasure. I am a living testimony."

If you are a sufferer—get a Bottle to-day

Vitadatio

Invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney and Internal Ailments. Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites, and most Chemists and Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle, or per post 6d. extra, in Great Britain only. Special 21/- bottles, containing 3 weeks' supply, for Invalids only, post free from

VITADATIO, No. 121, Armley, Leeds.

V.184

SEND FOR FREE BOOK OF TESTIMONIALS

Readers need never hesitate to respond to advertisements in "John Bull," for they are all of proved value and are covered by the "John Bull" guarantee which appears on page 23.

Of special importance in this issue is the attention of readers drawn to the following:

Barry's Tailoring offer on p. 14; Gibbs' free Shaving Cream offer on p. 23; Kodak World Competition on p. 27; Steedman's offer of a Free Booklet on p. 27; Selfridge's Cycle offer on p. 27; Waverley Dictionary offer on p. 32; Blanford's advert. on p. 29; a Free Catalogue of B.S.A. Cycles on p. 29.

BIGGEST HOLIDAY PRIZE EVER OFFERED

Sensational Bullets' First for a Few Words!

£50 HOLIDAY CHEQUE PAID YEARLY FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE

and

£3,000 CASH

EXTRA BONUS OF A "SINGER" MOTOR CAR

This bonus will be added to the First Prize-winning award if he or she is registered as a regular reader of our free Bullets Bulletin by Saturday, July 4.

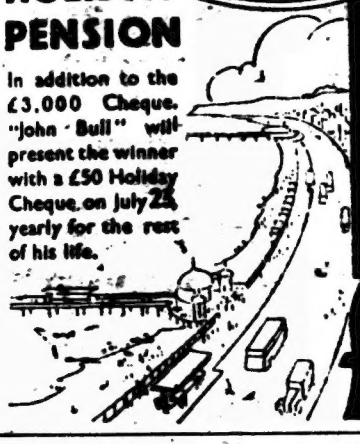
Easy to drive, cheap to run—the ideal family car—see this handsome Sunshine Saloon at your local showroom.

£210

If you are not already registered, use coupon provided and become eligible for this luxurious motor-car in addition to free Holidays for Life and £3,000!

JOHN BULL HOLIDAY PENSION

In addition to the £3,000 Cheque, "John Bull" will present the winner with a £50 Holiday Cheque on July 25 yearly for the rest of his life.



£3,500 ALLOWED AS CASH ALTERNATIVE IF WINNER OF FREE HOLIDAYS & £3,000 PREFERS ONE LUMP SUM

£50

£25

Other prizes
£200
10 of £5 10 of £2·10
25 of £1 1,000 of 2/6
10,000 TARGET PRIZES

THIS WAY TO WIN—ENTER BY JULY 4

THIS week comes your final opportunity to carry off the biggest Holiday Prize ever offered for a few words. You might well have made up any of those winning *Bullets* on the opposite page—why not, then, the First Prize for one of your efforts this week? Somebody must win.

A £50 yearly holiday for life and a £3,000 cheque combine to form the staggering reward which may be yours in this unique contest, but, as you see above, you can easily add a Motor-car to your prize, using the coupon at the foot of page 34.

To make up the *Bullet* which may bring you a lifetime's happiness, you have simply to add TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* adjoining.

For instance, suppose you choose the *Example* ECONOMIC BLIZZARD, the added words UNTIL ORDERS "SNOWING" AGAIN would complete a *Bullet*.

You have only until Saturday, July 4, to put a few words together into a First Prize *Bullet*, so this evening is the ideal time to begin.

Address Entry as follows:— "Bullets" No. 810, "John Bull," Long Acre, Lond. n, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Choose from these "Examples"

SHOCK FOR BRITANNIA	GROPING IN THE DARK	THE HOUSE
UNEMPLOYMENT PAY	ECONOMIC BLIZZARD	A DANGER SIGNAL
BIRD IN A CAGE	WOULD BE WELCOME	MIGHTY USEFUL
STIRRING UP TROUBLE	LORDS v. COMMONS	THORN IN MY SIDE
WHAT SHALL WE DO WHEN	ELECTRIFIED	THEY WENT HIKING, BUT
MADE HIM A MILLIONAIRE	LIFE IS SHORT, SO	PROFITEERS
THEIR HOME	SLIPPERY SLOPE	IN A THOUSAND YEARS
DISTURBING THE PEACE	BIG BUSINESS	DOCTOR NEPTUNE
ENEMY IN THE CAMP	WE MAINTAIN	ANOTHER BLUNDER
IN BABY'S WORLD	SONS AND DAUGHTERS	MOSTLY
KING WITHOUT A THRONE	MAN IN A BATH-CHAIR	NINE OUT OF TEN
	PASSING	GETTING MIXED UP
	BEARING THE BRUNT	PRIVATE ENTERPRISE
	BUY MORE GOODS AND	IF JOKES WERE TAXED
	FATHER'S HOLIDAY	

ENTRY-FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and Crossed "& Co." Write your name and address with date of posting on the back of the Postal Order.

Example _____ Closing SAT. July 4
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(810) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 34. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d. Address _____

Example _____ Closing SAT. July 4
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(810) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 34. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. Address _____

Cut out each coupon separately. Post early if possible.

Enter your full name and address on each coupon.

Example _____ Closing SAT. July 4
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(810) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 34. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. Address _____

Example _____ Closing SAT. July 4
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(810) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 34. With 5 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. 6d. Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Example _____ Closing SAT. July 4
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(810) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 34. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d. Address _____

Example _____ Closing SAT. July 4
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(810) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 34. With 6 Coupons, send P.O. for 3s. Address _____

48 BIG HOLIDAY PRIZES

NEXT WEEK—ENTER AGAIN!

THE MEDICINE THAT SERVES THE PEOPLE MOST SERVES THE NATION MOST

ASPRO DOES NOT HARM THE HEART

'ASPRO' SUPREMACY

Whether in industry—medicine, or any other form of service, it is the article that performs the service speedily and well and fulfils its claims UP TO THE HILT, that serves the people most and, in serving the people, serves the nation. That 'ASPRO' is a National Asset is proved by the recognition of its service all over the civilised world. 'ASPRO' is all-British. It has broadcast its message everywhere. It is a standard advertisement for British efficiency and British constructive methods. If you are one of those people who have not experienced its wonderful medicinal quality, please try it. You will find it invaluable for stopping headaches in a few minutes—for relieving rheumatism in one night—stopping colds and influenza soothing away irritability—bringing sweet sleep instead of sleeplessness. There are a hundred-and-one other services that 'ASPRO' will render for every home.

READ THESE LETTERS

'ASPRO' HEADACHE RELIEF EVIDENCE

56, Hardgate, Aberdeen, Scotland.

Dear Sir,

I now take the pleasure in writing you a word or two, to thank you for that wonderful relief I've had through your tablets 'ASPRO.' I have suffered a great deal with headaches and was advised to try 'ASPRO.' In doing so I took two 'ASPRO' tablets and in 15 minutes I found great relief, now I feel as fresh as a daisy.

I now recommend to all my friends that wonderful tablet "good old 'ASPRO.'"

Yours sincerely,
M. McDONALD (Miss).

FINDS 'ASPRO MUCH BETTER THAN ASPIRINS

Buxton Hydro, Buxton.

Dear Sirs,

For the past few months I have been taking 'ASPRO,' and found them much better than the aspirins which I have previously used.

Thanking you and wishing you continued success. I always recommend them now.

Yours faithfully,
E. McIVER (Miss).

Recommended by Doctor

Miss F. Downing, of Westminster, writes to say she suffered for two years with headaches and nerve shock. Recommended by Doctor to take 'ASPRO,' and now free from pain Recommends 'ASPRO' to all her friends.

WORTH KNOWING

School Road, Radwinter, nr. Saffron Walden, Essex.

Sir,

My daughter has crossed to and from Australia five times within the last six years and has always been seasick until this last journey in January this year. She writes me she was not sick, thanks to 'ASPRO.'

I would not be without them myself and always willing to lend some to friends who get without. We are five miles from town.

Yours very truly,
E. PORTER (Mrs.).

FIRST AID for MOTHERS

Most children are subject to Toothache, Earache, Colds and sudden bursts of Temperature. 'ASPRO' can be safely given to children so affected. It will soothe the pain away and quickly reduce Temperature.

HOW TO GIVE 'ASPRO' TO THE KIDDIES

Two simple methods of giving 'ASPRO' to the kiddies are: (a) with a little milk; or (b) break the tablet up and administer in a teaspoonful of jam. The dose is: Children 3 to 6 years, ¼ tablet; 6 to 14 years, 1 tablet; 14 to 18 years, 1½ tablets. 'ASPRO,' like any other medicine, should not be given to babies under 3 years of age without medical advice.

TRY 'ASPRO' FOR

INFLUENZA
HEADACHES
SLEEPLESSNESS
NEURALGIA
SCIATICA
GOUT
COLDS
LUMBAGO
IRRITABILITY
NEURITIS
HAY FEVER
NERVE SHOCK
RHEUMATISM
ALCOHOLIC AFTER-EFFECTS
PAINS PECULIAR TO WOMEN
MALARIA

3d. 6d. 1/3 & 2/6

PER PACKET

The cheapest way to buy 'ASPRO' is the 2/6 packet. It contains 60 tablets, equivalent to 3/- worth of 'ASPRO' for 2/6.

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetyl Salicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

ASPRO

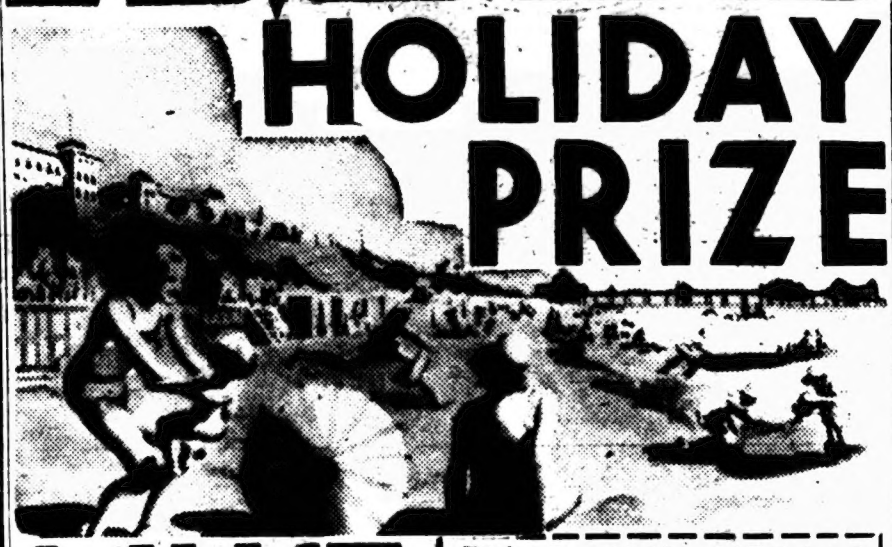
Agents: GOLLIN & CO. PTY. LTD. ('Aspro' Dept.), SLOUGH, Bucks. Telephone: Slough 608

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

Made by ASPRO LIMITED, SLOUGH, ENGLAND.

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO.'

DAILY HERALD £5,000 HOLIDAY PRIZE



MUST BE WON

THE great "Daily Herald" Holiday Ballot has captured the imagination of the country. For a simple forecast you may win the **huge prize of £5,000,** which **must be won.** *An extra £1,000 will be paid to the winner if he or she should be a registered reader of the "Daily Herald."*

This is a pleasant contest of skill, **open to all.** You have first of all to vote for your favourite Holiday Resort, only one, by placing a **X** in the column on the left-hand side of the Entry Form. Next make a forecast in the right-hand column of what you consider will be the order of popularity decided by the general vote. To do this, simply place the figure 1 opposite your first choice, the figure 2 opposite your second choice and so on up to 14.

A few minutes of your time may bring you a fortune of £5,000. Your friends can help you to win—the more people you ask for their opinion, the more it will assist you in entering your forecast.

Enter for this fascinating Contest now by completing the Entry Form on the right. *Further Entry Forms, together with rules and conditions are now appearing in the "Daily Herald."*

OPEN TO ALL

Closing date of contest will be announced in the "Daily Herald."

Place in Column below a X against your own favourite Resort. Put one X only. If you send in more than one entry, vote each time for the same town as your favourite.

DAILY HERALD
HOLIDAY BALLOT ENTRY FORM
No. J.1.

£5,000

MUST BE WON
FORECAST BELOW
the Order of Popularity of the 14 Holiday Resorts. Place figure 1 opposite your first choice, 2 opposite your second choice & so on up to 14.

	BLACKPOOL
	BOURNEMOUTH
	BRIDLINGTON
	BRIGHTON
	DOUGLAS
	HASTINGS
	LLANDUDNO
	MARGATE
	ROTHESAY
	SCARBOROUGH
	SOUTHEND
	WESTON-SUPER-MARE
	WEYMOUTH
	GREAT YARMOUTH

Complete in ink.

I agree to abide by the conditions governing this competition and to accept as final and legally binding the decision of the Editor of the "Daily Herald" in all matters appertaining thereto.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....
(Block letters).

.....

State if Registered Reader (Yes or No).....

AFFIX a three-halfpenny stamp to space on right. Address entry to Holiday Ballot "Daily Herald," 2, St. Bride St., London, E.C.4 (Comp.).

You must write your name and address in block letters on the back of your envelope.

Also in the bottom left-hand corner the name of your favourite town and number of votes therefor. Failure to do this involves disqualification.

Keep your Entry Forms until close of contest—then send in all together in one envelope.

Entry Forms appear daily in the "Daily Herald."

AFFIX YOUR THREE-HALFPENNY STAMP HERE.

Stamp must be affixed to each Entry Form sent in.

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